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FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

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Atlanta's Reborn Congregation
Contemporary Worship Is Good News
The University Mystique

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Here the Nicene Creed was formulated [see *Nicaea Revisited*, page 30]

AEOLUS

I have seen my son
 race down a field,
 holding the wind captive with a string,
laughing as he feels
 tugs from the infinite.
He need not be told
 that the unseen
 is real.

—Robert Hale





On the shore of a Turkish lake, near the ancient walled city of Nicaea (now called Iznik), a barren fig tree stands over the ruins of a grand palace built many centuries ago by Constantine the Great, the Roman world's first Christian emperor. The site is of special interest to modern pilgrims. Here, in A.D. 325, more than 200 bishops of East and West met to form the Nicene Creed of the Christian church, variations of which are often heard today. [See this month's color feature, *Nicaea Revisited*, on pages 30-34.] Our cover photograph is by Henry Angelo-Castrillon, as are the Nicaea-Iznik pictures inside.

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My King
Was overproductive at the wrong time.
He is a worker-king
And he works with workers
Who are not working
Enough
To know their own minds.

WORK FIT FOR A KING

(John 5:1-18)

Down at Bethzatha
He did that little job
That got the union at the Temple all upset
About hours and days.
Those guys were all white collar
And didn't know anything
About being sick
The way this fellow by the pool was.
He was sick of being ignored.
He was ill of being around
The right place at the right time
With the wrong results.

Then my King comes along,
Acting like a doctor
During Thursday office hours
Instead of over the weekend
Like it was,
And he gets this lame man
Going again.

In spite of all the furor down the street,
This King of mine
Didn't think much explanation was necessary.
He just said,
"My Father is working and so am I."
He's a real worker, my King.

—Bernard S. Via, Jr.

HUNGER IS ALL SHE HAS EVER KNOWN

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal would be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

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East Lake Church was doomed 'unless some miracle can be pulled off,' the pastor told the bishop. That was five years ago.

Anatomy of a Miracle

Text by MARTHA A. LANE / Pictures by GEORGE P. MILLER

COMER Brownlow had been a preacher enough years to know a tough assignment when he heard it—and this was a tough one. His district superintendent wanted him to accept the pastorate of East Lake Methodist Church, on the east edge of Atlanta, Ga.

Since 1897 East Lake had been a pillar of its white, middle-class neighborhood, located only a few minutes drive from the prestigious Emory University community. Church membership had climbed to more than 1,100 in the late 1950s. Things started slipping off then, due in part to

the fact that nearby neighborhoods were experiencing "change."

"Just prior to July 1, 1965, a Negro family purchased a house on Boulevard Drive."

East Lake Church is located on Boulevard Drive, Northeast. For a while its people had hopes of keeping their attractive residential area white. Signs appeared on lawns: "This is a white community." Some businessmen even organized to buy up available land to keep blacks out.

Church people saw what was happening but tried to ignore it, feeling that "discussion might only hasten migration out by members." The official board already had explored possibilities of selling the church. An undertaker had shown some interest.

It was this church that Comer Brownlow was being asked to serve. Fearfully, yet hopefully, he undertook the assignment.

His first visit to the church was a jolt. Up and down the streets, wherever he looked, he saw the signs: For Sale, For Sale, For Sale! He couldn't hide his dismay. Nonetheless, Mr.

Brownlow immediately tried to help the church face its situation.

"Just drifting along with no attempt to get to the heart of the situation here is unchristian and poor churchmanship," he warned. A policy committee was set up, and the committee polled the members: Should the church stay, relocate, or merge with another Methodist church? A majority called for merger.

"I have continuously urged the members to 'stand and see the salvation of the Lord'; but I have tried to leave them with the freedom to do what they feel they have to do."

The pastor reported the survey results to his district superintendent and the bishop, adding an idea of his own: "Can we not get our conference and district Boards of Missions and Church Extension involved in planning with the Georgia Conference, and maybe with the General Board of Missions, for an interracial or all-Negro ministry of The Methodist Church here?"

But time was running out. A closing date, June 30, 1967, had been set.

District Superintendent Nat Long also had agonized over the East Lake situation. In January, 1967, Dr. Long asked if there were not some whites who would be willing to stay at East Lake, to form the nucleus for an interracial congregation.

That same month bishops and other representatives of the North Georgia (white) and Georgia (black) Conferences finally got together with Pastor Brownlow and a few members of East Lake Church. For four hours they debated what could be done, agreeing that the only hope for the church, which had a \$100,000 debt, was in outside financial help.

"I'm wrestling with myself right now . . . I'm moving out of this community after 42 years here. But I plan to come back, and if this does become an integrated church, I think the odds are that I'll continue to come back."

In February, East Lake members were polled again, this time for the



names of all who would stay after the closing date, if financial backing could be found to continue East Lake as an interracial church. Forty adults said yes (10 others who did not sign decided later to remain); 110 adults said no. There was no response from about 480 others still on the church roll.

At a March 13, 1967, official board meeting, the resolution to close was rescinded to allow the 50 to stay on at East Lake. In June the North Georgia Conference voted to accept responsibility for East Lake's debts until it could again become self-supporting.

In light of the need to cut expenses, the pastor-salary item was reduced and it was deemed advisable to have

a change in ministerial leadership. The new man was Phillip H. Barnhart, formerly associate pastor at Belvedere Methodist Church in nearby Decatur, then the pastor of a three-point rural charge.

Young Phil Barnhart never had worked with blacks and his experience at reconciling disputes mainly involved a rural cemetery. But he had high ideals and thought he could survive at East Lake. Six other men had been interviewed for the job ahead of Phil, but he got it, partly because of the obvious willingness of Margaret Anne Barnhart to support her husband's decision.

Phil wanted the appointment be-



Teen-agers (left and below) have only two available hangouts in the community—East Lake Church and the streets. Some 20 teens meet on Thursday evenings for recreation and Bible study. They call themselves the Circle of Love. On Fridays, teens enjoy recreation and Cokes—at Teen Town. Programs of the church, always reflecting community needs and wants, range from a day-care center for kindergartners (above) to typing classes for adults (far left).





Phil Barnhart works best on a seemingly low-key, person-to-person basis. This Saturday morning (above) included chatting with teens about Friday's game, catching a few precious moments with Margaret Anne and their three girls, and an impromptu discussion of church programs with a neighbor waxing his car.

cause, as he puts it, "I'd been talking about being a disturbing influence and taking a stance of protest against what was wrong in one's community. Here was an opportunity to put into practice what I'd been preaching. The decision was the result of much prayer by my wife and me. We 'put the fleece out,' and definitely felt that this was where we belonged."

The Barnharts agreed with District Superintendent Long that it was very important for them to live in the East Lake community. Friends were less understanding. Some bluntly told Phil he was crazy to take a wife and two young girls into a black community. Others, who more than once had driven 90 miles one way to see the Barnharts would not drive across town for a visit now.

The new black neighbors were not any more understanding at first—but they had ample reasons to wonder what the Barnharts were up to. The church was heavily in debt. Was a white congregation trying to dump its financial problems on the community? Was the new young minister

just a meddling do-gooder? Even black ministers did not live in the community but in more exclusive neighborhoods.

"I've been here four years. I was a Baptist. I came here because it was closer to my home. I was the first black member of the congregation. People stared at me and whispered at first."

There were two black members of East Lake that June day four years ago when Phil Barnhart preached his first sermon there. At a covered-dish lunch following the service, the two—both women—headed for Mrs. Barnhart.

"They looked me straight in the eye and said, 'Why do you want to come here?'" Margaret Anne recalls. "I stammered and stuttered around. All I could tell them was the truth—that we felt we had been truly called to this situation. As soon as they knew I was sincere, they offered to help

—to make things easier for us. "The white people reacted the same way. I don't know why people were so dubious, so skeptical."

Believing East Lake had to make it as an integrated church "the first year or not at all," Phil guided the church into community-oriented programs. But first he and his family had to be accepted by the community. In an effort to be "visible," Phil went to everything that happened. When he heard a siren or saw a fire truck, he jumped in his car and followed, offering whatever help or comfort he could—to those who would accept it. At the same time, the Barnharts took their two small girls for after-dinner strolls. They said hello to everyone they saw. Some returned the greeting, others acted as if they had seen no one. It was weeks before they began to feel accepted.

Phil also methodically went from door to door, introducing himself as "the new minister of the church on the corner." He handed out no literature, took no surveys.

There were many discouraging



Visitors to his church always seem surprised that Phil had no experience in working with blacks before coming to East Lake. The young minister, shown below discussing the Gospel of Mark with teens, credits much of the church's success to its small but determined staff and to a membership (now about 100 whites, 200 blacks) that has been "captivated by a basin-and-towel theology."



experiences in the beginning—and some humbling ones, too, like the day the young minister realized he had his own prejudices to overcome.

"Lisa was playing with the girl next door," he recalls painfully. "She took Lisa's toy away from her, and Lisa was crying. And my first thought—before I could suppress it—was, 'That black kid is taking advantage of my daughter just because Lisa's in the minority.' Then I realized it was just one child taking a toy away from another child because in a few minutes Lisa took Jackie's toy away from her."

"I was raised as a majority person: white, middle class, Protestant. When I moved here, these majority things were actually detriments . . . I was refused entry into homes. Children would peek out the window, then: 'Mama, the bill collector's here.' I would knock and no one would come. When I realized the immediate suspicion was because I was white, it made me mad."

Many folks got acquainted with the church through its community-oriented service activities. One of the first, which still thrives, was a Saturday-morning recreation and interest-group endeavor. Classes include whatever the youngsters express an interest in: sewing, cooking, knitting, wrestling, guitar, piano, art, crafts, stamp collecting, creative dance, and the like. Some 150 to 200 participate every week. As with most East Lake programs, the staff is volunteer and largely East Lake members.

Church-sponsored baseball and basketball teams were organized because East Lake is "the only institution in the immediate area, besides the school, seeking to reach out to our youths." Even joining the church sports league was difficult. Some churches did not want an integrated team in their gyms.

There are other programs for youths, such as the Circle of Love, which meets every Thursday evening with the pastor. Each meeting begins with a recitation of their pledge "to love one another . . . with God's help." The 30-some members, 8th to 12th-graders, spend half the evening at table tennis, pool, Scrabble, and such. Then there is Bible study. The

teens listen attentively. Phil speaks their language: "Jesus had this crazy notion that he would ascend to his throne from the cross. The other guys didn't dig that at all. All their lives they had it drummed into their heads that the Messiah would overthrow the Romans . . ."

Another program thrust is in the area of direct community involvement and political action. A grass-roots organization, East Lake Civic Club, was born in the church. Church people have spearheaded many community efforts: trips to city hall to fight rezoning detrimental to the community; clean-up campaigns; removal of a "slumlord"; voter-registration drives (the first one resulted in 1,500 registered voters); improved police-community relations; and a community newsletter.

"I think a church is an institution that serves the people's needs. They aren't necessarily religious needs. Sometimes it's sharing food, sometimes trying to help with educational needs. We've had kids in the fifth grade who couldn't even read!"

Overcrowded conditions and a sometime lack of quality education in local schools occasioned another program thrust—supplementary education opportunities. They have included tutoring in reading, English, and math; a day-care center for kindergartners; classes for trainable mentally retarded students (cosponsored with Economic Opportunity—Atlanta); and adult typing classes.

Sunday worship is given high priority at East Lake because that is "the place we get our strength to do all the rest." Outreach has included visitation, fund-raising for Biafra, and raising money for an all-black Baptist church that burned.

Because of its prolonged success as North Georgia Conference's "first fully integrated church program," East Lake has some unique ministries, including helping churches in similar situations think through their mission.

Pastor Barnhart and both black and white laymen visit churches on request, candidly discussing the East Lake situation, and offering whatever guidance they can. "We encourage them to do something, but we do not

encourage them to bus in black (or white) people in order to be 'integrated,'" Phil Barnhart emphasizes.

An unanticipated ministry evolved when a Supreme Court integration ruling caused many white Atlanta teachers to be transferred to black schools. The teachers turned to Phil for help in learning to work with black children—something he had learned at East Lake.

"We don't think much about 'black' and 'white' anymore. The only way I can explain it is that the Holy Spirit has changed our people."

Today many United Methodist churches find themselves in the exact situation faced by East Lake in 1965: a congregation fearful of integration; hundreds of members who are inactive but still on the rolls; and a few members who are willing to accept those of another race as best they can. Like East Lake, these congregations know that neither integration nor love for one's neighbor can be successfully legislated—by church or state. Rather, it is something that happens between individuals, in day-to-day experiences. East Lakers believe it is happening in their church because, as one member puts it, "We're all giving as much as we can."

Every administrative board member is expected to be involved in some other church program. Leadership is no longer just the business of a few "old faithfuls" (or concerned outsiders) but of many. Sacrificial giving is practiced by the majority.

One East Laker remembers the day someone saw a check she was writing to the church. "That's an awful lot of money to give to a church," the person remarked. "I've never seen a church that was worth that."

The church member went on to explain: "Before, we gave a few dollars—you know. But now, here at East Lake, we give all we can."

Today East Lake is still a middle-class community. The church membership is roughly 100 whites and 200 blacks. Thirty of the original 50 whites and both of the first two blacks are still there, still convinced that they made a wise decision.

Since 1967 East Lakers and their friends have reduced the \$100,000

debt to less than \$30,000. When that is paid, they will direct their money to new church-oriented, neighborhood projects.

If there is a disappointing factor in the East Lake picture, it is that the Barnharts remain almost the only white church people living in the community. Phil thinks this may change in time. Meanwhile the congregation values its members who are willing to drive some distance to participate in a church they feel is genuine.

"If your church is facing this situation, by all means open your doors—and be sincere."

To the scores of churches finding themselves in situations like that of East Lake, Mr. Barnhart and East Lake members offer hope—and some specific suggestions, including these:

1. It is essential for the minister to live in the community. People are suspicious of anyone who tries to love them from a distance.

2. As you try to reach people, realize that others will believe a lot of things about you—because you are black, or because you are white—that are not true.

3. Determine the real needs of the community before setting up programs. Don't be afraid to drop activities that obviously are not needed or wanted.

4. Your goal must not be "integration" but to serve the community in a humanizing way.

5. Make a strong effort to assimilate new members. Every person has a talent. Find it and let him use it in the work of the church.

6. Fellowship and acceptance cannot be forced or legislated. But do provide some get-together times, such as coffee after the morning service or potluck suppers.

7. Co-operate with already existing community agencies—other churches, civic clubs, schools. Encourage individual church members to get involved in community life.

8. Sunday services and social-service programs are only a beginning. Each member must go beyond these—into their business and social worlds, working for an inclusive climate everywhere.

9. Be both reverent and relevant. Don't go into the streets until you have been to the prayer room.

10. Pray for, and follow, the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

"People ask for our secret of suc-

cess but they don't believe the answer," Phil Barnhart has told his congregation. "When I give God the credit, they don't want to accept it. When I speak of a miracle, they pull back. When I witness to how the Holy Spirit has given us the gifts of wisdom, direction, and courage, they are extremely skeptical.

"We have proven that blacks and whites can love and worship and fellowship together happily and successfully. I've been a Methodist 50 years, and the last 3 years have been the most wonderful."

"I know some of the reasons why they doubt. They haven't seen many socially relevant churches, and they keep looking for the 'catch.' They are justifiably discontent with institutionalism and we defy their categorization. Partly, they don't feel God's power in their own lives and they are suspicious of any who claim to have it.

"I have no other explanation but to point to God's activity in our midst, and no other course but to 'praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

And all the people said, "Amen!" □

"I would say that—in addition to the pastor's work—the Saturday-morning program is how we've proved our sincerity," says Pastor Barnhart. Activities include recreation; assembly (for all but the kindergartners) where kids demonstrate what they've learned in class; refreshments; and special-interest classes such as boxing, cooking, and music.



Churches Find Few Bargains in the Marketplace

SHOPPING CENTERS, as we have come to know them, were first conceived around 1948. They finally began to catch on around 1954, and 10 years later an estimated 7,000 to 8,000 of them were operating across the United States.

A typical center with its several big-name stores and many smaller shops, restaurants, and other conveniences can draw shoppers from up to 20 or 30 miles away. Businessmen call this "drawing power." Most pastors would call it "something I wish my church had."

As centers proliferated, churches opened "shopping center ministries" hoping to reach the multitudes who would not seek out local congregations or pastors.

For this special report TOGETHER gathered information from 14 major denominational executives and 15 to 20 other individuals who were or are involved in shopping center ministries. Based on what they told us, we can verify the present existence of only 16 such ministries. United Methodists participate in four efforts.

Pioneer Lasts Five Years

One of the earliest and most carefully planned efforts was Agora, located in posh Oak Brook Center, west of Chicago. (Agora is Greek for "marketplace.") It was conceived by a United Church of Christ urban-planning specialist and a shopping-center developer.

The ministry opened its doors late in 1964. It was to be nondenominational, a "ministry of listening and presence." The facilities were designed to look inviting but unchurchly. Shoppers were welcomed, but its main ministry was to the thousands who work in Oak Brook's 60-some stores and office buildings. Services took numerous forms: counseling, book discussions, seminars, men's breakfast-discussion groups. The director saw his role as helping a person examine "those things that he feels hold his life together."

Agora was closed permanently in September, 1969, "because the director decided to leave and we couldn't find a replacement." As of this writing the United Church of Christ still is paying rent at Oak Brook, still looking for a sublessee. While people were being helped, the expense was heavy and Agora had no means of self-support.

Another recent disappointment was Market Place

Ministries at Landmark Shopping Center, just outside the nation's capital in Alexandria, Va. Presbyterians conceived the idea and put up \$100,000 for what was to have become a self-supporting ministry beginning operations in June, 1967. Methodists and Evangelical United Brethren loaned \$65,000 to get the estimated \$307,000-a-year operation underway. The Methodist Board of Evangelism furnished a minister for one year. Other denominations also were involved.

The facilities, designed on four levels, housed a theater; child-care center; library of consumer information; and space for counseling and other services.

The ministry was directed toward the thousands who lived in nearby apartments, 80 to 90 percent of whom were said to be unchurched. Three years after it started it was dead for lack of funds. One supporter termed it a "grandiose scheme" in which the immense structural layout predominated over function.

Ecumenical Efforts Can Work

The outstanding example of a large-scale interdenominational shopping-center ministry presently alive and apparently well in Lake Grove, N.Y., is SmithHaven Ministries (SHM) at Smith Haven Mall. Almost 30 local congregations are involved in its work, and it enjoys regional and national support.

The mall is located in an area that covers "almost all types of community." Suburban, urban, and rural factors are all present. There are poverty and ghetto areas as well as highly developed aircraft works and other industry.

The emphasis at SHM is on social action and volunteers are its backbone, says the Presbyterian director, A. David Bos. Housing—open housing and relocation—is the top priority, and some 25 to 50 families or individuals are aided each month.

Youth are the next major concern. They congregate by the hundreds at SHM—enough of them with long hair that some adults told SHM to "chase them away" or "at least hide them." Instead, SHM hired a full-time youth services director and now provides coffeehouse programs, music, films, and dramatic presentations. Dropouts can and do take advantage of a tutorial program leading to

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Blue Hen Mall Ministries in Dover, Del., is one ecumenical venture in which United Methodists participate. The mall employs 600 and attracts an estimated 150,000 shoppers weekly. Pastoral counseling, directed by the Rev. Gregg Howe (above), is the project's main thrust. Special exhibits (left) sometimes are set up on the mall's ground level. Regular activities, including weekly "Dover Dialogues" (right), are held in the second floor facilities.

a high-school equivalency diploma. There are countless interest groups and drug rehabilitation work.

Young people have responded positively to SHM and many are involved in its child-care center, the information and referral service, publications, the bookshop, work with migrant laborers, housing, and so on.

Other major areas of service are counseling and the child-care program (now hourly, but daily services for working mothers are planned).

Like now defunct Market Place Ministries, SHM has had severe financial problems. It was near death last fall, when "nothing short of miracles turned us around," Mr. Bos acknowledges. A spontaneous telephone campaign raised \$10,000 (mostly in small contributions); help came unexpectedly from some private foundations; and SHM's two marketable services—the religious art and book shop and shopper's child care—began to pay off. Now SHM appears on solid financial footing "for at least four years." The 1971-72 budget is about \$133,000, excluding the salaries of three clergy who are paid directly through denominational sources.

Since the ministry was first talked of in 1967, United Methodist support has been enthusiastic and substantial. Superintendent Burton F. Tarr, of the Long Island East District, says the United Methodist mission board made a \$50,000 loan to SHM and provided \$2,000 in both 1969 and 1970. The New York Annual Conference supplied \$3,000, and local churches have given about \$800.

"What has impressed me most was the willingness of a major denomination to take the risks necessary for such an experimental ministry," says Dr. Tarr. "The Presbyterians took the lead and they were immediately supported by Methodists and soon the Episcopalians, Lutherans, Roman Catholics, and others."

"Most other ministries limit themselves to what takes place in the shopping center itself; SHM is a countywide ministry using the Mall because it is a natural hub whose access to rich and poor keeps improving as public transportation increasingly sets up routes to and from the Mall," notes John C. DeBoer, United Church of Christ executive. He said its wide-spreading roots and support have given it "quite a lot of political clout."

Blue Hen Mall Ministries, Dover, Del., is a much smaller interfaith effort. The only paid staff member is a part-time co-ordinator. Some 25 to 30 clergymen serve as counselors on a rotating basis for a day every five weeks, while lay volunteers staff the receptionist's desk.

Counseling, on a sliding-fee scale, is the major service. "We're basically a middle man, between the pastor's study and the overtaxed, understaffed social service agencies," explains Episcopalian Gregg Howe, a counselor. There are also weekly informal dialogue sessions on current-interest topics (average attendance 15) and a small library. Some work in housing, job placement, and aiding welfare families is done informally.

The work's heaviest supporter is the Southern Baptist



Convention, but Peninsula-Conference United Methodists contributed \$1,000 to the current \$7,500 budget, says Richard D. Bailey, ministry president and United Methodist pastor.

One-Congregation Efforts

Los Arcos United Methodist Church, Scottsdale, Ariz., is an example of a congregation intentionally located permanently in a shopping center. Its multipurpose building and educational units are in 45-acre Los Arcos Mall.

Services include an ecumenical counseling service (housed in the church), child care (daily for employees, drop-in for shoppers), and a monthly community forum.

"The opportunity for ministry is limited only by our imagination—and we have a shopping-center ministry task force continually working on that," Pastor Roger M. Stressman says of his congregation's efforts.

A number of ministries operate from similar one-congregation bases. In St. Paul, Minn., Bethlehem Lutheran in-the-Midway offers pastoral counseling through an office in the city's largest shopping center. A professional staff offers free counseling ("to express the love of God without strings") to some 25 persons weekly. The \$3,000 annual cost is a part of the congregation's regular budget.

Hatful of Peas, 460 square feet of "half bookstore, half living room" at Town and Country Shopping Center in northeast Phoenix, Ariz., is a project of nearby Camelback United Presbyterian Church. It has one of the strong-

est youth ministries in the city—draft, drug, and runaway counseling, and countless special-interest groups.

Besides helping youths, the ministry is "an attempt at renewing congregational life through extending it in service," says the Rev. Kent Organ.

Another form of shopping-center ministries is the "convenience chapel," often Roman Catholic, which features daily worship and meditation and counseling.

Some Weaknesses Obvious

The greatest weaknesses of shopping-center ministries seem to be: insufficient funds available (high rent, few marketable services); lack of focus; overambitious, unrealistic goals; poor leadership or the inability to find new leadership. The most effective ministries tend to be ecumenical, plainly identified as church efforts, and built on strong spiritual foundations.

A main purpose of these ministries has been to confront suburbia to challenge its life-styles, and to show Christianity's relevance to all men. The problem is that few denominations excepting the United Presbyterians seem able to diagnose correctly and then respond appropriately to suburban needs. Single-congregation diagnoses generally seem more accurate. If, as its few efforts indicate, United Methodism is not sold on the shopping-center ministry concept, it should be studying more seriously other ways to reach suburbanites.

—Martha A. Lane



A report to thoughtful laymen . . .

YOUR MINISTER'S HOUSE— HELP OR HANDICAP?

The house adjoining your church is a nostalgic part of your life. Consecutively occupied by families of ministers, its doors have been open to all.

Have you ever wondered how the church family feels about it—how comfortable it is for those who live there?

Many ministers prefer traditional, church-owned housing. They point out that living "on the scene" makes the minister a part of the community he serves. He is spared the headaches of down payments, insurance, upkeep and other home-owning expenses. And accepting a new call is easier when the house is provided.

But many churches and their ministers have re-examined this tradition and feel that a housing allowance is more desirable. After all, the church-owned house may not be all that well suited to the needs of a particular minister's family. And in large cities, the parishioners' move to the suburbs often leaves the pastor's

family isolated in a changing neighborhood. New congregations sometimes preclude the parsonage cost by using the allowance route; older churches might even save money by eliminating costly manse repairs and upkeep.

Furthermore, a church-supplied house does not necessarily relieve the minister's financial burden. It's figured as part of his salary, yet he has no choice over type of house, location—sometimes, even furnishings. When he moves, he takes no equity with him. In fact, as one minister pointed out, he in effect buys the house for the congregation out of his own salary!

Do you and your church board members know how your minister feels about this question? Perhaps this is the time to consider which method will best assure your minister that he has a real chance to provide his family with a "Home Sweet Home."

Reprints of this public service message for distribution to your local church officials are available on request.

MINISTERS LIFE and casualty union *Ministers Life Building • Minneapolis, Minnesota 55416*



School Critic Says Church Education Lags, Too

the joylessness, mindlessness, preoccupation with petty detail, and other faults charged against America's public schools in *Crisis in the Classroom* (Random House, \$10) can be applied to church curriculum-teaching methods, according to the book's author, Charles E. Silberman.

From a 3½-year study commissioned by the Carnegie Corporation of New York, Mr. Silberman concluded that public schools fail to educate children adequately and destroy creativity, curiosity, and the joy of learning.

Even the best schools are not good enough, emphasized the author, who is also a member of the board of editors of *Fortune* magazine. What is needed, he said, is a clarification of the purpose of education, a restructuring of the classroom, and a redefinition of teaching itself. Among his findings are the following:

Schools are preoccupied with order and control, usually meaning absence of noise and movement. This is an unnatural state for children which causes restlessness and produces its own discipline problems. Teachers thus become disciplinarians.

Strict adherence to lesson plans, time schedules, and the formal classroom itself, with the teacher "up front" teaching the same material to all students at the same time, fail to consider individual interests and differences. Lessons often start before children are interested and end before interest subsides or understanding is achieved.

Too often teaching centers on subject matter. Children should be taught how to learn, how to apply the wisdom to new problems—indeed, to recognize new problems which can't even be imagined in this century, rather than given facts and trivia which may not be relevant 10 years or by the year 2000.

The purpose of education is more than intellectual development. Students should learn how to feel, think, and act. They should learn how to live a creative, sensitive,

humane life—not just how to earn a living.

• The way educators act and teach, how schools are organized, and what behavior is rewarded or punished transmit more values, character, ethics, and morality than what is said or the content of the curriculum.

Mr. Silberman argues for adoption of the informal classroom which is child centered and teaches a subject only as long as the child is interested. In schools successfully using this approach in England there is a noticeable lack of rows of desks with the teacher "up front." Instead students work individually or in small groups in interest areas. Teachers are thus free to move about and give individual attention and guidance. Likewise children move about, talk, and ask questions. Teachers use everything and everyone to create special learning situations for each child.

"Education is not synonymous with schooling," stated the editor, author, and former college teacher. Children learn outside the classroom as well, perhaps even more. He emphasized that "proper weight" must be given to other educating institutions such as mass media, the arts, and the church.

In the case of journalism, medicine, law, television, and social work, discussed briefly in his report, "there is a clear notion of the kind of change that ought to come about," he pointed out in a TOGETHER interview. With the church, he said, it is different. "One could define the failures, perhaps even postulate changing roles of the church, but what follows that is not exactly clear—which perhaps suggests that church-education failure is more severe than in the case of other institutions."

In a sense, he continued, "the mass media have replaced the church as the institution outside the family through which values are formed."

He indicated three specific aspects of his study that are applicable to church education.

First, he said, the informal class-

room structure itself can be carried out in church schools. In particular he urged that church educators realize that people learn more effectively if they start with what interests them. Too often educators talk at people in church, Mr. Silberman maintained, rather than starting with their concerns.

Second, he stressed the need to clarify the purpose of church education. Mr. Silberman suspects that most formal church or synagogue education tends to be fairly mindless and that church educators don't really think through the purpose as it relates to existing realities.

He noted that in Jewish schools, with which he is most familiar, basic commitment and values are assumed to come from synagogue attendance and the home when in fact they do not. Therefore, the school curriculum wrongly focuses on basic skills, filling students with information.

From what he has read of the literature of other churches, he believes this same misunderstanding is true for most of them. The commitment is assumed, but in reality, he said, "it's not either with the kids or the parents." As evidence he noted that people don't go to synagogue and church as frequently as they once did.

Looking beyond the formal education program of the churches, he found a third application. Mr. Silberman maintained that his basic thesis that what we do transmits our values and purposes more than what we say is true for the church. He contended that the way churches are organized, the kinds of people constituting lay leadership, and institutional preoccupation with its own survival often present very different values and priorities than what is being talked about from the pulpit.

It is difficult to talk about an ideal role for the church as an educating institution, he asserted, because there is mounting unsureness about the role of the church in society. Thus, "we aren't really sure what we should be educating for."

—Lynda Peak

CHURCH YIELDS SCHOOLS IN RHODESIAN PROTEST

Two recent restrictive actions by the Rhodesian government drew quick response and action by United Methodists in this country.

Dr. Juel Nordby said United Methodism will get out of lower primary education work in Rhodesia, partially as a result of restrictions placed upon the schools by the Rhodesian government and that nation's apartheid (segregation) style Land Tenure Act.

Dr. Nordby, an executive secretary with the Board of Missions, said the Rhodesian government's decision to reduce its salary grants to teachers was a crucial factor in the withdrawal decision.

In African countries it is not unusual for governments to subsidize mission-run schools since the church institutions often provide most of the available education.

Church-state relations in Rhodesia have been sticky since 1969 passage of the Land Tenure Act, a plan which divides the country into two areas of about equal size—one for the nation's 250,000 whites, the other for nearly 5 million Africans.

Clergymen have expressed fear that the act would infringe upon religious liberties and force churches to co-operate in legislated racial segregation.

About 45,000 pupils were enrolled in schools maintained by United Methodists, Dr. Nordby said. The denomination will maintain upper primary and secondary schools in Rhodesia, but lower primary schools were completely turned over to the government. Dr. Nordby said the action was part of the denomination's stand against apartheid-type policies of the government.

Some weeks before the school turnover, Bishop John Wesley Lord, president of the Council of Bishops, wrote the prime minister of Rhodesia, protesting the government's travel ban against Bishop Abel T. Muzorewa and earnestly requesting that the ban be lifted. The ban keeps him from about three fourths of his church's 34,000 members.

Writing on behalf of the council, Bishop Lord informed Prime Minister Ian Smith that when the Rhodesia Annual Conference of United Methodism protested against political actions "seriously interfering with just and harmonious relations of the races," it was acting according to New Testament teachings and official positions of The United Methodist Church.



The number of clinics on the Sea Islands of South Carolina doubled recently when a clinic promoted and supported by United Methodist mission funds was opened. Dr. Eldred B. Heisel of Columbus, Ohio, a member of the Board of Missions and a dermatology specialist, had the honor of being one of the first practicing physicians in the new clinic as he checked the blood pressure of Dr. Rev. Willis T. Goodwin, a native of the islands, pastor of the islands' West United Methodist Church, and a member of the Board of Missions. Some 75,000 persons, about 75 percent of them Afro-Americans, live on the islands. [See Where Poverty Is Total, July, 1970, page 29.]

TWO BOARDS ASKED TO CUT MEETING COSTS

At least two United Methodist boards have been asked to consider reducing their expenses. The suggestions came from missionaries and youth at two recent meetings.

From the United Methodist Missionary Conference held in Westerville, Ohio, came this idea: rather than using commercial hotels for board meetings, consider such places as American Indian reservations or church-related institutions.

In a petition addressed to the Board of Missions, 46 missionaries noted that this would not only save money but would project a better image of the board and "could be a valuable source of enlightenment and inspiration."

A month earlier 11 youth who were elected to the Board of the Laity at its annual meeting in a Chicago Loop hotel asked their board

to consider ways to cut costs of annual meetings. They suggest YMCAs or churches as possible meeting sites and that meals be catered.

While these groups were asked to consider ways to save money, the Judicial Council met earlier in Pebble Beach, Calif. One United Methodist there said he was quoted as a figure of around \$60 a day for double room with meals. He stayed elsewhere. The subject of economy in meeting expenses did not come up. The council's next meeting is at St. Simons Island, Ga.

SECOND TRAFKO FILM BOOKED INTO THEATERS

second TRAFKO (United Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Communication) short-subject film commercial theaters recently premiered in Los Angeles and Pasadena and is being shown in theaters across the United States and Canada.

Gold Is the Way I Feel depictsologers sharing and expressing themselves on the world today, the parents, war, work, and life in general. It is an eight-minute film, and is shown with the full-length movie *I Never Sang for My Father* and other feature films.

Half the cost was paid by Columbia Pictures which also contributed to TRAFKO's first such film, *Up There*, an award winner in the 1969 San Francisco International Film Festival.

SHARING' OFFERING GOING SOON TO WORLD RELIEF

When United Methodists give to the One Great Hour of Sharing offering March 21, they will be giving help to relieve suffering caused by natural and man-made disasters around the world. In the past the offering has aided several causes. This year the denomination, through the United Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief (UMCOR), will join more than 30 other Protestant groups applying all the offering to overseas relief. UMCOR is the church's emergency arm of service and the One Great Hour of Sharing offering is expected to provide UMCOR with more than half its funds for 1971.

UMCOR receives a call for help on the average of once every 10 days. Its most recent major request came from cyclone-stricken East Pakistan where damages totaled \$1 billion, and 150,000 persons died.

CENTURY CLUB

One man and one woman join the Century Club this month.

Archie Burnside, 100, Dade City,

Mrs. Rodney W. (Fannie) Smith, 101, St. Louis, Mo.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church and location where a member.

White House and Children: Minds Closed in Advance?

"What in the world did you do in Washington?" many a friend demanded of delegates returning from the 1970 White House Conference on Children.

"We worked hard and long" was the answer most of the 4,000 invitees of the President could say, "but we didn't make headlines."

While unhappy couples were seeking the public spotlight (and often got it), the conference office ground out "official" news releases as dull and unrepresentative of the actual conference process itself as those of the rebels. Some delegates were unhappy about both kinds of reporting.

But making the news is part of what a White House conference is all about. This conference is chartered to make recommendations for action to the President, the Congress, and national child-serving organizations and to raise public concern to improve the status of children.

The 1970 conference in mid-December was not without turbulence because there is so much wrong and so much to be improved. The list of issues covered was a dictionary of our times and showed the complexity of unresolved challenge to our nation's integrity. Working papers challenged the mythical assumption that America is truly a child-centered society or a children's paradise.

From then on the delegates sought to identify their overriding concerns for children. High on the list of concerns was a call to reorder national priorities, to turn away from war and war spending. Such a reordering would put children where our myth claims they are—first. General proposals were advocated such as guaranteed family income adequate for the needs of children and family-oriented, child-development programs including health services, day care, and early childhood education. Delegates called for vigorous programs to eliminate racism which "cripples all children," for improvement of our system of child justice, and for updating of laws affecting children. A call for a cabinet post to focus in on ongoing way on the needs of children was marked high as an overriding concern.

Hopefully the reams of papered practical proposals left in Washing-

ton will find a rightful lodging in the concerned ear of an eager President and a fast-acting Congress. "They will!" promised Stephen Hess, the chairman chosen by Mr. Nixon to head this once-a-decade event. The Council of National Organizations serving children, which had been bypassed in much of the conference planning and process, was making noises of dissatisfaction and doubt. The private sector of more than 500 national child-serving agencies had been kept from having much voice in this conference. Many were concerned that the administration was not eager to follow up. All hoped otherwise.

Responses by delegates fell into several predictable categories:

1. The conference was planned to avoid plenary debate and thus prevent disruptions or embarrassment to the administration by all-conference demands such as hostile integration of schools, end of the war, or allocation of large funds for specific child-centered projects.

2. The conference was designed to bypass the private sector of the child-serving community which cannot be controlled in its proposing, as is the political sector.

3. The conference dealt with too many stacked decks; the input was already seen as the output. Too many unsorted concerns were dumped into the pot to be stirred into nothing.

4. It was a conference of the people. How could 4,000 persons sharing their national life and concern for children not have a significant function? The delegates sought to be the nation's conscience on issues of critical importance to the young and the nation's future.

The conference was not a legislative body but rather an invited council to give advice, and the President is under no obligation to listen or act. Most delegates went home ready to act in new ways on what they had learned. "Now if we're just wrong about the administration being closed minded . . ." one delegate said as he boarded his plane for home.

—Edward C. Peterson

Mr. Peterson is on the ministerial staff of Christ United Methodist Church in Dayton, Ohio, and had attended the 1960 White House Conference on Children and Youth.

—Your Editors

BISHOP PALMER DIES AT 64; HEADED PORTLAND AREA

Bishop Everett W. Palmer, head of the United Methodist Portland (Oregon) Area since 1968 and a bishop in the former Methodist Church eight years before that, died January 5 at age 64, reportedly of a heart attack. The Wisconsin native and lifelong sports enthusiast served nine years as pastor of First Methodist Church in Glendale, Calif., and was elected to the episcopacy from there in 1960.



At his death Bishop Palmer was chairman of the Board of Education's Department of Ministerial Education, vice-chairman of the Commission on Ecumenical Affairs and the Commission on the Structure of The United Methodist Church Outside the USA, and a member of the Board of Missions.

Funeral services and burial were conducted in California. Memorial services were held in Oregon.

NORTHERN OHIO CHURCH AIDS MOUNTAIN MISSION

For the second straight year a 400-member congregation in a small far northern Ohio community has made a substantial gift to United Methodist mission work in the Cumberland Mountains of southeast Kentucky.

A new 12-passenger bus-van is the latest gift from Oak Harbor United Methodist Church to Henderson Settlement, at Frakes, Ky., more than 400 miles from the Toledo-area of the congregation.

Last year the church provided the major leadership, finance, equipment, and labor in restoring the settlement's swimming pool valued at \$40,000. Assistance was provided by the United Methodist Board of Missions.

Oak Harbor Pastor Howard Preston said the idea to assist the settlement stemmed from visits there by laymen of the church. The pastor also said the church's missionary outreach had caused no decrease in the local budget.

In addition to its involvement with Henderson Settlement, the church is a 10 percent shareholder in the work of an overseas missionary and provides an annual summer scholarship for a retarded child in a county camp.

United Methodists in the News

Reigning as queen of the 1971 Tournament of Roses was **Kathleen Denise Arnett**, a member of St. Luke's United Methodist Church in Los Angeles, Calif.

Mrs. J. W. Sonnenday, member of the Board of Missions Women's Division and vice-president of Church Women United, was elected a member of the executive committee of the International Committee for the World Day of Prayer.

New president of United Methodist-related Boston University is Dr. **John R. Silber**, former professor of philosophy and dean of the college of arts and sciences at the University of Texas in Austin.

Five United Methodists were listed among "America's 75 Most Important Women," as presented in the January issue of *Ladies Home Journal*. They included Miss **Theresa Hoover**, associate general secretary of the Women's Division of the Board of Missions; U.S. Sen. **Margaret Chase Smith** (R.-Maine); U.S. Rep. **Shirley Chisholm** (D.-N.Y.); opera star **Leontyne Price**; and **Dorothy I. Height**, president of the National Council of Negro Women.

Charles B. Shuman, United Methodist layman from Sullivan, Ill., recently resigned as president of the American Farm Bureau after 16 years in that office.

Newly elected California state superintendent of schools is Dr. **Wilson C. Riles**, member of First United Methodist Church of Sacramento and first black elected to statewide office in California.

DEATHS: **Paul R. Ervin**, 62, member of the Judicial Council of the former Methodist Church and council president in 1964 . . . **Mrs. Lena Hamlin Littell**, 80, who received national attention in 1953 when she was graduated from college at age 63 with her youngest child with Phi Beta Kappa honors. She was the mother of United Methodist theologian Dr. Franklin H. Littell of Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHURCHGOING LINKED WITH GOOD HEALTH

Persons who live the "clean life and attend church regularly may be less prone to fatal heart failure than infrequent churchgoers, according to Johns Hopkins University medical researcher Dr. George W. Comstock.

In his study involving 189 Caucasian males between 45 and 64 who had died of heart disease, Dr. Comstock cited a number of explanations including life-style but concluded that, whatever the explanation, "going to church is a very favorable input."

The study found church attendance to have the most significant correlation to heart disease among the life-styles measured, and found piety a "tantalizing" variable.

Dr. Comstock also claimed that piety was statistically related to a dozen other major diseases including cancer, cirrhosis, tuberculosis, respiratory maladies, and could even be as significant as cigarette smoking.

CHURCHWOMEN FOUND BROADENING EFFORTS

Cries for women's liberation continue in American churches, but at least one writer has found a new determination to use churchwomen power to move all humanity toward more meaningful personal and group experiences.

Elliott Wright of Religious News Service said the number of women engaged in serious theological assessment is growing steadily and that much of their work concerns women and the church. In late 1970 Association Press published a collection of essays under the title *Women's Liberation and the Church*.

One document in the book, Mr. Wright reported, is a study of sex role stereotyping in United Methodist nursery curriculum. The document claims that girls are more often presented as "passive, powerless, waiting on others, needing help and protection, watching their action, unhappy."

Mr. Wright adds that an attempt to demonstrate the "error" of such a description is one reason why more women are beginning to theologize for themselves.

He also noted that in 1971-72 the program book for the 1.8 million members of the Women's Society of Christian Service will be written entirely by women—for the first time in history.

Students See Evangelism Need

By MARTHA A. LANE
Associate Editor, TOGETHER

Christ, "are ready to risk their lives in the hands of extremists of the right or the left, trying to be witnesses in the world of labor, politics, the fight for peace, improvement of human relations, the fight for justice."

Numerous other speakers also emphasized the need to separate Christianity from American culture.

The Rev. Tam Skinner, former Harlem gang leader, said, "Jesus Christ . . . is not the defender of the capitalist system. He is no more capitalist than he is Communist. He's no more Republican than he is Democrat. He is no more militaristic than he is pacifist. He is no more leftist than he is rightist or conservative. He is the Lord from heaven . . . He must be preached as Lord, and we must respond to him as Lord."

And Dr. Myran S. Augsburg, Mennonite-college president, called for the state to be the state and the church to be the church: "Christians who care about evangelism must find the way to transcend the limitations of nationalistic purpose and carry forward the purpose of Christ."

Purposes of the convention included helping individuals reevaluate their own Christian faith, and providing firsthand information on mission opportunities around the world.

The daily format included small Bible study and prayer groups; workshops on scores of topics such as saturation evangelism or urban problems overseas; and countless opportunities to talk with mission-board representatives and convention speakers.

A computerized survey of student interests and mission-board needs matched students with some 6,400 openings in world missions and provided specific names and addresses of boards for them to contact. Nearly 400 missionaries were available for consultation.

The need for Christian workers overseas remains great, delegates learned. But qualifications are higher than ever before. Today's missionary first of all must be spiritually prepared—he must know "the Baab of Gad and the Gad of the Baab," and he must be willing to pay the cost of discipleship.

He must be adequately prepared educationally—he should know the appropriate language and have both specialized training and some theological training. His cultural

preparation should include knowledge of the cultures of biblical times, of his own country, and of the land to which he is going.

Finally, he must be committed to working himself out of a job, training and helping nationals take their rightful places in their own nations—a "dig in, help others, get out" experience, one speaker called it.

Dr. Ted Ward, a Michigan State University professor, told delegates that the number of Americans going overseas in nonmissionary roles is increasing faster than the missionary force. He said these are not interested in being missionaries in the classical sense ought to consider overseas positions in business and industry, government service, international research, or the Peace Corps. Active Christians are needed to "infiltrate the overseas community of Americans" as well as witness to the nationals, he said.

Dr. John W. Alexander, president of Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, urged students to work at evangelizing their own campuses:

"There are approximately 132,000 foreign scholars studying in the USA. A goodly number may be at your school right now. They may be from countries you could not enter as a Christian missionary.

"Another group which is usually neglected by evangelical Christians is the radical students. Many of these radicals are hungrier than you might think for the good news of Jesus," he said.

Students were also urged to be active in a local church and to "be a spark plug for missions."

Reactions of United Methodists (543 were there) were varied but usually favorable.

While one minister felt that Methodism's mission efforts could have been more prominently represented, another was happy to discover "that there is a movement of Christian students to evangelize as well as strengthen and encourage each other."

"For the first time in my life I have been shown the vital importance of world missionary activity," one student said.

"God has shown me how relevant Jesus Christ is to a modern man," commented another. "The dynamic, moving, convicting, and empowering Spirit of God is truly the radical answer to man's dilemma. Urbana has shown me it's time to get militant for Jesus." □

SHARP criticism of "Americanized Christianity" emerged as a predominant theme of the ninth Inter-Varsity Missionary Convention in Urbana, Illinois, as 1970 ended.

(Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship is a nondenominational movement which works on campuses to nurture spiritual growth of Christians and to confront non-Christians with Christ. It sees itself as augmenting church activities, rather than competing with congregational programs.)

Dr. Samuel Escobar, Argentine church leader and one of the first major speakers, charged that the Christian message has been transformed into a "middle-class gospel" which many people see as "nothing but the idealogy of the Western civilized countries.

"We have changed the nature of the gospel so much that the rejection of it is not because of the scandal of the cross but because of the scandal of our distorted message," he said.

The 12,304 evangelical Christians present in Urbana (representing 50 denominations, 48 U.S. states, 72 countries) reacted immediately and generally positively to Dr. Escobar.

The Latin American leader said self-denial, poverty, and sacrifice are completely absent from the Western capitalist society but are virtues of leaders like Che Guevara and Mao Tse Tung.

He called for Christians who, for the sake of and in obedience to

Lent and Recovery of the Devotional Life

LENT IS traditionally a time when the Christian church has turned its attention to devotional life, the practice of spiritual disciplines, and reflection upon the meaning of Jesus Christ and his life and death.

Such observances at this time of the church year remind us of the roots of Christian faith. They call us to examine the basis for our commitment to God, for our participation in the church, and for our action in the world.

In recent years, however, the church's interest in secular theology and participation in social action has led some churchmen to abandon the devotional expression of faith in favor of attempting to find the presence of God primarily "out in the world where he is at work."

Doubtless this has been a wholesome corrective to an overly pious, otherworldly approach to faith which may seem to have little relevance for the day.

But taken by itself, the activist approach to religion is inadequate, lacking the dimensions of transcendent reality which have long empowered the church for its mission in the world.

Perhaps one reason that our social action lags in the church today relates to our failure to practice the devotional life.

Interestingly, research conducted by two sociologists in the United Church of Christ has led them to become "recent converts to the importance of a devotional orientation as one means by which the church begins to more adequately fulfill its function."

In their book, *The Fragmented Layman* (Pilgrim Press, \$12), Thomas C. Campbell and Yoshio Fukuyama give a detailed report of research on the effect that a member's relation to his church has upon his social posture. Do church members differ from nonchurch members in social attitudes and activities?

The researchers report their surprise in finding evidence that church members with a devotional orientation tended best to support the church in working for social progress in our times.

Campbell and Fukuyama recognize "that devotionism is often seriously questioned within churches of the more 'liberal' Protestant type. 'Piety' is very often a perjorative term and concept. Liberals

have been too ready to identify devotionism and piety with otherworldliness. Devotional men, so the argument often goes in liberal Protestant circles, are men who are unwilling to face the realities of social forces and unwilling to work for needed social change."

The researchers continue, "Our data brings such assertions into serious question. The devotional man in this study of a liberal denomination was more likely to favor action in the area of civil justice. We have called such men 'inner-worldly ascetics!'"

Such data indicate that the devotional life is not escapism, an evasion of the realities of the world, but rather an affirmation of the authentic basis for Christian action.

The authors of *The Fragmented Layman* conclude, "The church is in the midst of movements which strongly advocate a reappropriation of the injunction to be 'in the world but not of it.' We are here calling for a reappropriation of the concept of 'inner-worldly ascetic,' and we believe that our findings . . . support just such a call. If the Christian man is to be in the world, then he needs some basis on which he maintains perspective so that he is not of it. Perhaps the devotional man is the one who knows the 'source' of his courage to be in the world, he is not tempted to remove himself from the world, and his sense of the transcendent gives him the 'vision' so that he is not fully of the world."

Admitting that God is "where the action is" in the world today, one still must wrestle with how many Christians be fully "in the world but not of the world." The key may well be in the steadfast practice of the devotional life—a characteristic of some of the most effective persons in the church to influence significant social change.

This Lenten season once more offers us an opportunity to renew our faith, to find our way back to the basis of our commitment, and thus to spark our vital involvement in the urgent agenda of the world. This we do as devotional men, in light of the reality of a God of love who redemptively reveals himself in Jesus Christ, as well as in contemporary life all about us.

—Your Editors

Still in high school but anxious to see the world now? One of these programs may be for you.

Travel Abroad --With a Purpose



This young Californian's Experiment in International Living program took her to India, land of sitars and other difficult musical instruments. Students can visit literally hundreds of countries.

By MARTHA A. LANE, Associate Editor, TOGETHER

FIFTEEN OR 20 years ago, the possibility that any teenagers but the very rich or the very fortunate could study abroad seemed about as realistic as a dream. Things have changed so radically in recent years that soon the stay-at-homes might be in the mini-minority. In the summer of 1969 alone an estimated 30,000-plus high-school students headed overseas. And 18 to 24-year-olds supposedly accounted for 25 percent of the entire 1970 travel market.

While some teens undoubtedly travel strictly for the fun of it ("Do your thing in Morocco," the posters encourage), others go with more serious intentions—as participants in exchange programs or study-tour groups.

The programs for high-school students mentioned below are only a few of the many opportunities open to today's travel-minded teens. In most cases, much effort is made to enable the poor as well as the rich, the disadvantaged as well as the advantaged, to participate in travel programs. Accordingly, some funds for individual participants can be raised through church or community groups. Scholarships, non-interest loans, or deferred payment plans often are available.

It should be noted that program fees quoted do not include travel and meals between the student's home and the port of embarkation, personal spending money, docu-

ment and inoculation fees, and other miscellaneous expenses.

Would-be travelers under any student program cannot plan too far ahead since applications often are required long before departure dates.

A Sampling of Programs

The AFS International Scholarship, a nonprofit organization with no religious or political affiliations, began as a volunteer ambulance corps which served French armies in both World Wars. In an effort to establish bonds of understanding between countries, ambulance drivers set up scholarships enabling American scholars to study in France following World War I. Now AFS (American Field Service) annually brings more than 2,700 students from 63 countries to the United States, and sends more than 1,500 young Americans abroad.

AFS offers two options: the School Program, in which participants live with host families and attend school for a full academic year; and the Summer Program, which sends teens abroad for 8 to 10 weeks, depending on the country.

Host families are carefully selected by interviews and in-the-home visits. Constant communication is maintained with students overseas and in the U.S. by AFS repre-

sentatives. Orientation sessions and on-location language camps help AFS students adjust to a foreign environment. Before they return home, reorientation sessions help them readjust to their own culture.

AFS participants must meet these requirements:

1. Age and class in school: At least 16. Summer Program applicants must be juniors at the time of application. Winter Program applicants may be either juniors or seniors.

2. Language: At least two years of foreign language study in high school is required.

3. Other: Candidates must be U.S. citizens, in excellent health, have a broad academic background, and a good grade-point average.

4. Cost: Summer Program, \$850; Winter Program, \$950.

For more information contact: Miss Alice Towsley, Director of Information Services, American Field Service, 313 East 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

The Experiment in International Living, from its founding in 1932, has been best known perhaps for its "home-stay" programs. However, this nonprofit organization also specializes in training programs for Peace Corps members and others planning to live abroad for an extended time. Three of The Experiment's six study programs welcome high-school participants.

The Summer Abroad program allows participants to live for one month with a host family in the country of their choice, and to spend an additional two weeks traveling through the host country. The orientation program includes necessary language instruction.

Qualifications for the Summer Abroad program:

1. Age and class: Fifteen to 18; sophomore, junior, or senior.

2. Countries from which to choose: Fifteen-year-olds have choice of 6 countries; 16-year-olds have 22 country choices; and 17 and 18-year-olds may go to 35 countries.

3. Language: A speaking knowledge of the country's language is always desired, often required. The Experiment provides both optional and required language training at a cost of \$200 (including board and room) for a 16-day course.

4. Cost: Approximately \$500 to \$1,350, depending on the country chosen.

The Experiment's Semester Abroad program is a 15-week study period preceded by orientation and language study sessions. Students may apply for spring or fall semesters. A special feature of this program is a study or research project on a topic to be developed with the co-operation of the participant's U.S. high school. Participants usually may receive high-school credit for their study projects and for any language study they do.

As with the Summer Abroad program, participants live with a host family while abroad in keeping with The Experiment's premise that "the family is the oldest and still the best classroom in the world."

Qualifications for a Semester Abroad:

1. Age and class in school: At least 15; high-school sophomore, junior, or senior.

2. Countries to choose from and languages required: France and Belgium (French); Germany and Austria (German); Ireland (English); Mexico (Spanish); Italy (Italian).

3. Language requirements: Applicant must have completed two years of current study in the appropriate foreign language and must enroll in a three-week Experi-

ment-sponsored language study program (included in fee).

4. Cost: Approximately \$1,600 for study in Europe. Fees for Mexico are slightly less.

A Summer Language Camp program is available for teens wanting to "study a language, travel abroad, live with a family, speak their language daily, make friends, and see some interesting places" at a slightly lower fee.

Languages taught and countries open to students under this program include: French—France and Canada; Spanish—Mexico.

In addition to language instruction, camp activities include the usual swimming, hiking, dances, and sings—all in the foreign language. Only campers who successfully complete this study portion of the program may participate in the three-week home-stay opportunity in a foreign country. Other campers will receive an appropriate refund.

Qualifications for the Summer Language Camp program:

1. Age and class: Thirteen to 15, completion of grades 8-10.

2. Language: Must pass The Experiment's fluency requirements by the end of the program's study segment.

3. Cost: Approximately \$875 to \$1,090, depending on the country chosen.

For more information write: Reed Alvord, Director, Public Information, The Experiment in International Living, Putney, Vermont 05346.

The International Christian Youth Exchange (ICYE) grew out of an exchange organized by the Church of the Brethren after World War II. Its purpose was to restore and develop trust between youths in the United States and Germany. It became an ecumenical venture in 1958 and today has 11 denominational sponsors including The United Methodist Church. The largest number of ICYE participants through the years, incidentally, have been Methodists.

Today's exchange program involves some 25 countries which exchange youths with one another, as well as with the United States, "as a means of international and ecumenical education and [furthering] Christian commitment and responsibility for peace and justice in the world."

ICYE's year-long program gives exchangees the opportunity to live with a host family and to participate in school, church, and community activities.

Qualifications for ICYE participation:

1. Age and class: Sixteen to 18; a high-school junior, senior, or recent graduate; those not in school but within the age limits are also eligible.

2. Language: Required for some countries; optional for others. Special language school is available.

3. Other requirements: Reading assignments and written work to be completed as assigned before going overseas. Priority consideration is given for a U.S. exchangee to go abroad when a sponsoring committee also receives an exchangee from overseas.

4. Cost: \$700 to receive an overseas student; \$1,050 to send an American student.

For more information write: ICYE Office, Board of Education, The United Methodist Church, Post Office Box 871, Nashville, Tenn. 37202.

People to People, a nonprofit, nonpolitical program designed to help people of all ages practice "personal diplomacy," was launched by then-President Dwight D. Eisenhower in 1956. "The aim," he said, "is to build a massive program of communication between Americans and the citizens of other lands—to establish lasting two-way relationships from which international friendships and understanding could grow. The technique is to be direct—through people to people—as distinct from official government contacts." And so it remains. In 1970, some 1,800 young people traveled abroad under People to People auspices.

Special features of most People to People programs include predeparture orientation sessions; a three-day briefing session in Washington, D.C. (meeting with congressional, State Department, and U.S. Information Agency representatives); brief home stays; and opportunities to meet their counterparts abroad.

People to People programs for high-school students generally follow a six-week tour format. Itineraries are changed from year to year. In 1969, for example, an

Orient program took students to Japan. In 1970, four six-week European tours were set up for teens, all of which featured transoceanic flights, chartered buses, and English-speaking guides. About a dozen countries were visited on each tour. Students had plenty of sight-seeing opportunities, and spent a few days with selected host families.

Some 10-day tours, for both students and teachers, also were scheduled for teens around the Easter holidays. These tours had no home stays and concentrated on a single European city—London, Paris, Madrid, or Rome.

Qualifications for People to People tours:

Students must receive recommendations from their principals and teachers, have a good academic record, and be interested in people and international affairs. They also must participate in orientation activities prior to the trip.

Cost: Approximately \$1,300 to \$1,650.

More information is available from People to People High School Student Ambassador Program, 628 Old National Bank Building, Spokane, Wash. 99201. □

How She Has Changed!

A MOTHER and father penned this letter to AFS after their daughter returned from a year in Brazil. Their reflections will be of interest to all parents whose sons and daughters venture overseas.

GOOD GRIEF! What happened? We sent you a child, a nice child who was pretty much content with her life here. What do you send us back? A young woman who in our wildest hopes, dreams, and parental illusions we could not have envisioned! One who developed in just one short year (now that it has passed) the qualities we had hoped would surface in three or four years with proper parental nurturing. The change we see deals a death blow to "parental nurturing."

When you fill out the application, the rose-colored haze descends; you are hard put to see the rough edges in your child. Then she is chosen and sent off to a place that you know only as some small paragraph in the encyclopedia.

As the first month progresses, you become acutely aware of what a gaping hole exists in the life of the family without your AFS offspring. But families being what they are, you shift into a new existence. The life

and personality of the missing young member is suspended in your mind.

Suddenly the "six-months trauma" hits: "Only six months left, then it will be over and I'll come home. I don't want to leave!" Then the edge in your voice gets transferred into your letters. In a flurry of words your child responds, "You don't understand. I didn't mean I didn't want to come home. But how can I leave my family here, my friends, this out-of-sight life?" Then you realize your daughter is expressing qualities you'd really hoped for her to have—the ability to expand beyond herself, to accept and appreciate other peoples, the world, and life itself.

As the year comes to a close, the letters come less often and you understand her feelings as she tries to immerse herself in her adoptive country. You feel a closeness with the people who have given so much of themselves, people you have come to see through the eyes of your teen-ager.

At last the Big Day arrives. Husbands tell wives, "What are you worrying about, everything will be O.K." Mothers fuss, "What if . . . what if . . . ?" You feel as if you had held your breath a year! At last, there before you is your child, physi-

cally changed so much! You are stunned and her face reflects the impact of her change upon you—pleased to realize that it does, indeed, show.

Chaos! Grand and glorious chaos! Mountains of clothes, strange music, words spill through the house, and you know it is real. She really is home with you. The excited talk is endless, a year's telling trying to spill out in a few short hours. In the night, you peek in to remind yourself it is true, then slip back to bed content.

Of course she can't fit back into her old niche in the family. Who would want her to? Arrested development is a tragedy. We, too, have changed and gained from the year she has been gone. How she has grown—changed—how wonderfully!

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lutz
Los Altos, California

*Condensed from Our World magazine through the courtesy of AFS-International Scholarships.
—Your Editors*

Living in a Public Heaven

By ELOISE BARR KINTER

"YOU FORGOT to lock the door again," I said.
My husband shrugged.

"J. just popped in again without knocking," I went on. "Someday she'll catch one of us going from the shower to the bedroom in the all-together . . ."

He smiled: "I'll bet it would cure her of popping in."

So went one of our conversations during four years of living in a parsonage built as an annex to a city church. We used to ask: "How attached to a church can you be?"

It was one of the nicer parsonages around, actually; but the study did open off the living room-bedroom hallway, right next to the bathroom door, and on the other side of the study there was a small office that opened into the chancel. In fact, one of the chief uses of the sanctuary was as a passageway from the educational unit to the office and study—and our house. It was a pretty plush route, and even the cat took it sometimes. Only once did he meet substantial opposition, and that was when he happened to saunter down the center aisle just before noon on Sunday morning.

We aren't likely to forget, either, a night when I was scolding the children. Suddenly my husband came out of his study, visibly disturbed.

"If you don't quiet down in here," he announced, "this young couple may decide not to get married after all."

In spite of these instances and others we probably had as much privacy in that closely attached location as we have had in other parsonages. And it was the only one we have lived in with a fenced yard where a young child could play safely, the only one that met conference standards for furniture, and the only one where our personal taste was respected and our judgment trusted implicitly.

In *Lost Chapters Recovered From the Early History of American Methodism*, a book that was published in 1858, J. B. Wakeley romanticized about the contributions that were loaned or given when the good ladies of the congregation set up the first drafty parsonage for traveling bachelors who preached at John Street Methodist Church in New York City. It was possibly the first time an American Methodist church attempted to provide some sort of stability and privacy for the tired itinerant. Through the years the idea of parsonage privacy has eroded until the pastor's home has become a very public heaven.

A friend of mine remembers how as a child she went with her aunt when the parsonage committee inspected the place while the minister and his family were away. Committee members even opened the closets and discussed the minister's wife's wardrobe. Recently, the members of another parsonage committee inspected and talked about the mail being held for the arrival of their new minister. In an age when the invasion of privacy

has become a burning issue perhaps it is a good thing for laymen to realize that this invasion has been going on for years in parsonages.

What layman would tolerate a committee from his office or factory telling him what color the walls in his house should be, how many rooms he needs, or that he does not need a new mattress or a comfortable chair? Yet this happens many times in the "public heavens," and anyone who tries to educate abusers of the system to a new way may find himself in very hot water. If "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," think about the fury of a whole committee of women!

This brings us to that process in United Methodism called the move (also known as the conference shuffle). It is used too often as an easy way to avoid resolving problems and reconciling people. It is given as a reason why the parsonage system is a must, and we hear over and over that "the parsonage is part of your salary." But the quality of this part of a minister's salary varies wildly under the present arrangement, even within the boundaries of a conference. The parsonage may be a dream house with five bedrooms, year-round air conditioning, and French Provincial furniture (I visited one like that once on the Gulf Coast). Or it may be an ancient, rundown, half-furnished house with a flooded cellar and a leaky roof. (There are many more of the latter than of the former.) The parsonage may be suburban, rusty rural, or ghetto neighborhood. It may be furnished nicely or with a mediocre montage of castoffs.

If the parsonage is indeed part of salary, then it is the ministers who should be building up equity in it. But they are the very people who are likely to have the smallest voice in how this property is administered.

Across the country, annual conferences set extremely varied parsonage policies. One may provide no furniture, or only appliances. Another, close by, may claim to provide all necessary furniture. What actually takes place in local churches is yet again a different story.

A few churches, such as inner-city missions, are able to do very little in the way of parsonages, and ministers serving them may even have the additional expense of private schools for their children. Ministers in these churches, or in churches that ignore their responsibilities, must provide their own furniture and do repairs that can't wait. Both are a drain on their finances.

A minister who has had to furnish a parsonage may find that his next church refuses to pay his moving expenses because its parsonage is furnished. If he moves his furniture himself, knowing that he may need it in his next location, he is likely to find that there is no storage space in the new parsonage.

A congregation that insists that its minister visit con-

stantly, and be well read and robed, should be willing to bear the expense, which can vary just as greatly from place to place as the cost, quality, and availability of housing. Heavy travel, auto insurance, and books take large amounts out of a minister's salary and leave him with a lot less actual income than a layman on the same salary. These things added on to the minister's cash contributions to the work of the church can add up to as much as 30 percent of his salary, a triple tithe that even he may be unconscious of. The net effect is that his expenses are as great as if he were paying for housing, and yet he has little control over them. To cover them, he may even need extra income—or a working wife.

Too often if he seeks desperately needed parsonage repairs, or a cost-of-living increment, he is told that "the church can't afford it." Neither can he, but he has to make another hidden contribution. Surely the call to sacrificial living is for all followers of Jesus, not just the professional clergy, yet the minister's wife who objects to inadequate housing will be accused of lacking dedication, often by people of considerable means.

After interviewing nearly 100 ministers' wives across the country it seems fairly clear to me that most wives of ministers do not mind making sacrifices, but they clearly do resent having their sacrifices dictated by someone else. And if they are expected to suffer through lean times with their parishioners, they feel that they should also share affluence when it comes.

The parsonage system constantly produces unexpected results. One church petitioned for reparation for damages from a departing minister. When another minister bought a home of his own, the local congregation told him that ministers do not know how to manage a house. The wife of one conference member threatened to picket annual conference to protest poor conditions.

Ideally, a minister should be able to use his entire salary as he sees fit, housing his family as he wishes, and giving as generously to the work of the church as he can. Ministers should be free to move into and out of executive or specialized ministries where parsonages are not provided with, at least, the necessary furniture for leasing, renting, or buying. All ministers need to have a head start toward retirement. And at the very least, the "tenants" in a parsonage should have the same rights and responsibilities as any other tenants. Repairs and redecoration should be put on a businesslike basis, and a covenant or lease would not be out of order.

My husband and I can look back now and laugh at the wooden bed frame that split while we were sleeping—two Saturday nights in a row. We can even disregard the lack of understanding that allows people to accuse the minister of being too stingy to buy his own furniture because they do not understand that he is trying to abide by conference policy. But I have talked to ministers' wives whose parsonage experiences have deeply wounded them and their sense of Christian community.

It would be a wonderful thing to know that an official commission was studying ministerial-housing problems, needs, and practices on a national basis and would make new suggestions. To us in the parsonages our problems are often that "one straw too many" that makes an otherwise challenging experience painful. Meantime, to secure our privacy in our "public heaven," we sometimes have to keep the door locked. □



When Contemporary WORSHIP Is Good News

By LANCE WEBB
Bishop, Illinois Area
The United Methodist Church

IF YOU ARE young and have been turned off by much of the church worship you have known . . .

If you are an adult discouraged about the youth riots and the use of drugs . . .

If you are concerned about the decaying influence of the church and the breakdown of morality . . . I have good news for you.

Church worship is becoming more vital. In scores of churches, large or small, Protestant and Roman Catholic, both here and in many countries around the world there are many signs of renewal in worship.

In a five-week visit to four African countries, I witnessed in dozens of churches the most joyful and effective

worship that I had ever seen or imagined. This is one factor in the Christian growth in Africa which, according to some estimates, is from 5 to 10 percent above population growth. It is predicted that within 25 years Africa may be the most Christian of all continents.

In our own land, can we say that this astonishing experience of a very real and life-transforming worship is occurring when the surveys indicate a decline in church attendance? Many say that because church worship is dull and boring, people either attend out of a sense of duty or they stop going altogether.

It seems to me that both statements are true. Many, certainly, are turned off by new experiments in worship. But many others are really being turned on, and for them the living Christ is being celebrated as a present and effective reality in their lives.

I see 15 characteristics of contemporary worship which offer this new vitality. These are the "facts" of the worship experience, and they are accepted by many as having as much validity as the materialistic facts of the physical sciences. I want to list these characteristics and suggest that as you read them you review the worship practices of your own church to see if any of these elements could be incorporated into your services.

✦ The worship experience is a *joyous celebration* of the Christian gospel. The mighty acts of God are in Jesus Christ, not only as Lord of 2,000 years ago but as Lord of people's lives today. He is calling them now to join with him in sharing the mightiest force in the universe—the power of wise and responsible love.

The most common and easily observable note in worship is *celebration*, whether it is in the village church of Shungu Koi in central Africa, in Wesley United Methodist Church on the campus of the University of Illinois, or in any other genuine Christian worship.

✦ Another observable characteristic is *physical action* of many differing kinds to express celebration. By these personal and corporate acts, worshipers accept and respond to the costly requirements of the highest reality of Christ and his Spirit. There is nothing of the abstract, cold, or purely mental assent. Acts are made by faith and to increase faith. There is bowing or kneeling in humble penitence for failures and blindness now understood, standing and singing sometimes with loud songs of joy, dancing as Miriam did before Moses and as the children of Israel did after the Red Sea deliverance, playing on instruments, or other methods such as "passing the peace" to express joy, penitence, commitment, or fellowship.

✦ In all vital worship there is a *community where persons are accepted, beloved, and set free to retain and develop their individuality as creative, loving persons.*

✦ What the rock festivals or other community celebrations such as birthdays and New Year's do in small, tentative, and sometimes harmful ways, Christian worship does in a *healing and renewing way that leads to wholeness and provides freedom* to be oneself without demanding conformity. If your church is lacking in this community of acceptance and freedom, this may be one reason why worship is dull and ineffective.

✦ Worship must also include a *real measure of intellectual integrity*. While it is not an experience created by logic or cold reasoning, it must yield to a higher logic—the order of the Spirit. This is always creative rather than destructive, intelligent rather than blind, uniting rather than divisive, and it must not be bound by the narrow laws of scientific materialism that are so absurdly unrealistic because they apply only to small areas of human life.

The main reason so many youth as well as older persons are going off after magic, astrology, seances, and other occult practices, as well as experimenting with drugs, is their innate rejection of a square universe, bounded on all four sides by what they see as partial and false empirical laws that shut out the larger areas of the spirit.

✦ Vital worship includes the *yielding of our lives, time, energy, and special talents* to find the deepest concerns of the living Spirit of Christ. It will challenge us from our little and temporary gratifications to the great and eternal dimensions of loving self-giving. It will lead to specific commitments that are related to the deepest needs about us.

✦ Thus worship that turns us on within and turns us outward to works of love and justice will in some way include *conversation in depth*. We “speak the truth in love” in our search for mutual understanding of ourselves, our fellows in Christ, and the needs of all our brothers and sisters outside the “in” group. Obviously this may include sermons that are much more than one-way speeches. They will be conversational, whether or not any oral responses are given.

✦ Worship will always be preceded by or will include *sharing together in small groups*. Indeed without it there is not likely to be much celebration in the larger group. In small groups individuals gain understanding and confidence in each other through their study of the Word as recorded by both ancient and modern man.

✦ It will not, however, be mostly talk. As Marshall McLuhan has said, the linear approach to communication is inadequate in our day. There will be some *silence in depth* where communication on a deeper level is possible. At such time “your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams” (Acts 2:17), as the prophet Joel promised, and as experienced on the day of Pentecost and in our present-day pentecosts.

✦ In vital worship there will be *both order and spontaneity*. Any liturgy is literally “the work of the people with God.” There will be planning, but there will also be room for spontaneity. The procedure may sometimes use historic forms, and at other times another order may be desirable. The person giving the pastoral prayer may collect the spoken concerns of the congregation, summarize them in a union of petitions and intercessions, and provide a way for all to participate. In prayers of confession, the same kind of shared understandings of our failures and our individual and corporate sins may open the door to acceptance and forgiveness of each other as God has forgiven and accepted us. There is also a place for spon-

taneous witness. I like the spirit of the young man who spoke out during the pastor’s sermon and challenged him on a point which he did not understand. The sermon came alive that morning! Such spontaneity should not be an occasion for alarm but for rejoicing.

✦ Throughout the corporate experience of celebration and sharing there is a *growing sense of wonder and awe* as the presence of the living Christ is accepted and as his truth is understood and obeyed. The mysteries of life are celebrated and entered into through our imagination. Their meanings are caught in a moment of insight that transforms our humdrum existence into one of marvel and exaltation. We should not seek to manipulate ourselves and others by such experiences, for they are the glorious self-authenticating witnesses of the Spirit with our spirit. They tell us that we are something more than “specks of protoplasms going it blind.” Rather “. . . we are God’s children now; it does not yet appear what we shall be. . .” (1 John 3:2) Sometimes the sense of ecstasy, as Paul Tillich describes these transcendent moments, will come during the singing, the instrumental music, or during the shared word in prayer, readings, or the sermon. When it does come, it is a priceless gift.

✦ Our experience as we see it in the light of Christ, not merely in the esthetics of feeling, will lead to a *critical discernment and evaluation of our lives* in home and society. This reevaluation will lead to constructive, practical decisions that make all the difference in our actions.

✦ Worship, shared and powerful in life, requires a *continuity with the past and with hope for the present and future*. It will be most vital at the place where the good news of the past meets the challenge of faith for now and then points to the infinite possibilities awaiting us in the victory of Christ in the future. Let the worship be centered too much in the past or the present or the future and the power is short-circuited. We cannot do without the insights and revelations of the Christ as expected in the Old Testament. We cannot do without Jesus, the man for others who died on a cruel cross but lives in risen power today, or the vision of his rule including hope for the future.

✦ These realities that impinge on our deeper lives need to be *dramatized through the use of all the arts available to us* so that we enter into them with all our powers—intellectual, emotional, volitional, and imaginative. It is in such drama that we best find the signals of transcendence which are greater than our world of sense and flesh and can lift us to new levels of joy, freedom, and loving action in this our world.

✦ Such dramatic, life-embracing worship will provide *both a recognition of our unity with all mankind and glad acceptance of the diversities* of thought, expression, customs, and actions which make life a glorious kaleidoscope of color, variety, and beauty. Contemporary worship at its best is good news. Here is nothing dull, or anything that breaks the final harmony with which all of us are truly one in Christ, King of kings and Lord of lords, forever and ever! □

A FEW foundation stones, some submerged in a Turkish lake, are the only remnants which mark the site of a once great palace, proud showplace of the Roman world's first Christian emperor. But what happened here 1,646 years ago helped shape Western civilization, its religion, morals, and methods of worship.

The emperor's name was Constantine, and the event was the First Council of Nicaea, attended by more than 200 bishops of East and West. From this first solemn ecumenical council of A.D. 325, also attended by two representatives of the pope, emerged the Nicene Creed. Although not so commonly used today as the Apostles' Creed, variations of the Nicene Creed still are heard in Christian churches throughout the world.

Constantine had an active interest in the Christian church. The shields

NICAEA REVISITED

of his warriors bore Christian symbols, and in a large measure he was responsible for Christianity's becoming the dominant religion in the Western World. It was his purpose at the Council of Nicaea to settle controversies and to formulate a universal Christian doctrine. He personally directed much of the council's work.

Nicaea in the intervening centuries has become present-day Iznik. A tranquil village, it was ancient before Constantine became sole emperor of the East and West. Julius Caesar walked its streets as a youth. Crusader knights and conquering Turks traveled this way. And in recent years, American faithful have come as pilgrims to old Nicaea, a town that impartially preserves ruins left behind by pagans, Christians, and Muslims.

—Herman B. Teeter

Beyond a carpet of spring flowers, the sentinel shapes of slim poplars stand at the outer wall of present-day Iznik, formerly Nicaea. The city has double walls which show elements of Roman, Byzantine, and Turkish workmanship.



Minister: Let us unite in this historic confession of the Christian faith:

Minister and People: I believe in one God: the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible;

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God: begotten of the Father before all worlds, God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God, begotten, not made, being of one substance with the Father, . . . and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man, and was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate; he suffered and was buried, and the third day he rose again . . . and ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father; and he shall come again with glory, to judge both the quick and the dead; . . . —*The Nicene Creed*



The schoolboys are Turkish, the roadway Roman.

A barren fig tree broods over the ruins of Constantine's palace, site of the First Council of Nicaea.





A group of pilgrims hears Mrs. Herbert Brethauer, wife of a U.S. Air Force chaplain, as she reads the Nicene Creed.

Muslims believe these two storks fly to and from Mecca each year.





Harvest at hand, dancers from the Black Sea Coast take part in Iznik's annual grape festival.

NICAEA, more than six centuries old before Constantine, is only a four-hour trip from Istanbul. Its residents are no longer startled or curious when Christian pilgrims come to walk among the ruins of another age.

"The sky is unbesmirched by smoke," writes Charles E. Adelsen, who sent descriptive passages with these photographs by Henry Angelo-Castrillon. "Only the labors of the field, as in the days of knights and Christian kings, give treasure to the town.

"Whatever else one does at Iznik-Nicaea . . . he

finds the way that leads beside the wave-lapped shore of that humblest of ruins, all that is left under the sun of Constantine the Great's wonderful palace." Yet, modern Christians often pause here to repeat the ancient words of an affirmation of faith, the Nicene Creed. □

Colleges, too, are having an identity crisis: Shall they just stick to academic studies and try to conserve past values? Or leave their ivory towers to mix in the society of which they are a part?

The University Mystique

By ROBERT MERRILL HOLMES

Chaplain and Associate Professor
Rocky Mountain College, Billings, Montana

ABOUT EIGHT years ago Betty Friedan broke into print and table conversation with a phrase that soon became a household expression: "the feminine mystique."

In her now-famous book by that title, she describes the "problem that has no name"—a restlessness on the part of the 20th-century woman arising from an inner suspicion that she has not been altogether free to realize her full humanity. Mrs. Friedan traces this problem to the fact that the modern woman has been unknowingly sold "the pretty lie" that her only proper role is that of wife and mother, and that divergence from this role is abnormal and unfeminine. This prevailing mystique permits and even encourages women to ignore the question of their identity.

Today's university also has been sold some "pretty lies" calculated to dissuade it from deviating too far from its socially prescribed roles.

One such lie is the monastic image of the university—the view of the campus as a sanctuary within whose cloistered walls mystery is pursued with curiosity and issues are studied with detached objectivity. This image implies that if the university were to break out of her academic parlors and participate in the surrounding community, this somehow would be unbecoming to her and would threaten to corrupt her more maternal responsibilities. In much the same tone of voice in which the church has been instructed to "stick to religion," the university has been warned to "stick to academic matters." The problem in both instances is a question of definition: What does it mean to be "religious"? What is the meaning of "academic"?—just as Betty Friedan's question is, What does it mean to be "feminine"?

Another pretty lie, opposite in content but equally threatening, is the "county agent image" of the college. This image suggests that the *raison d'être* of an institution of higher learning is to respond to the pressing practical needs of its society by producing teachers and technicians, or by undertaking research on matters which business or government deems most urgent. Hence the university becomes the service station of society.

Neither of these lies, of course, is altogether false. Each emphasizes an essential element of the university's mission. To belabor our analogy: we are assured that modern woman is not to be dissuaded from childbearing and meal planning. She simply must no longer feel herself limited to these. Similarly, the university, indeed,

is commissioned to produce classes of competent individuals to pursue and analyze truth and to man the necessary stations of our land, but the responsibilities of the university do not stop there. To suggest that they do is to propose a half-truth that is worse than a lie—and the students know this.

The crucial problem is this: At a time when our culture desperately needs the university to be the university, both the school and the culture of which it is a part seem grossly uncertain what a university is supposed to be.

Homework for the Church

It is in the face of this problem of public unsureness that the Christian church bears an urgent responsibility which can be ignored only at the peril of higher education and quite possibly of American society as a whole. Central in the church's high education agenda is the task of dispelling the academic mystique and helping the modern university work through its identity crisis. The church must understand what's happening, so that it can provide the kind of moral and interpretive support colleges need to fulfill the roles they are called to play today. But first the church has some homework to do.

Individuals and local churches need a careful understanding of the nature and purpose of higher education, and an appreciation for the dynamics of the new student mind.

At the very least, the Christian is obligated to understand what higher education is and what it is not. It is not simply an extension of high school. (This misconception appears to be the principal flaw in the public image of the university.) Whereas lower education is devoted to the transmission of culture, higher education is charged with the "extension and critique of culture," as the late Gordon Allport and others have said. This difference is terribly hard for many to accept.

Traditionally, the university has been inordinately careful to conserve the values of the past and to produce class after class of young adults trained to carry on the traditions and maintain the structures of society with a minimum of boat-rocking. We have long known that there were economic inequalities and racial injustices. We have all been dimly aware of the dangers inherent in the supremacy of our technical know-how over our humanitarian skills. But so long as these traditional comments on society were given periodic lip service at educational conventions and commencement exercises, or

were limited in context to a bygone era, they remained relatively unthreatening to the community and the critical function of the university was given a dutiful nod and nothing more.

But let questions be raised on campus by the "wrong people" even in the right ways, or by the "right people" at the wrong time, and see how far the academic feathers fly. Then the public really plays its protective role: firing outspoken professors, blacklisting certain public speakers, denouncing all protests, and canceling library subscriptions to certain journals.

The tacit assumption obviously is that a good American college will support rather than question things as they are. Involvement in radical questioning or social protest, or sometimes even the slightest permissiveness toward political innovation is tantamount to treason, which is somehow synonymous with poor education.

In many areas today, in order to be elected to any public post, one has to be loudly vocal in his opposition to campus political activity. To be sure, disproportionate time spent by the student in political protest, especially that which results in the disruption of normal academic processes, can be detrimental to the classroom learning schedule. Moreover it should not be assumed that all student protests are valid or that all student protestors are highly motivated. A student sit-in can provide just as ready an escape from academic responsibility as does the pool hall, and as satisfying an outlet for emotional energy as a football game.

But two other observations need to accompany these. First, involvement in responsible political activity may be, for reason of both its positive and negative lessons, as important a part of the college educational process as is "book learning." Second, in college, as in later years, there may well be times when certain personal matters should be sacrificed temporarily in the interest of legitimate social goals. (Have we not always used this argument to justify military service?) It is a hopeful note that many students today are alert to those times when response to the larger interest is called for.

On Examining Sacred Truths

The prime target of most current criticism against the university (barring an unfortunate athletic season) is not the quality of its instructional program or the relevance of its curriculum, but those activities that call into question some generally accepted pattern of thought or practice of American society. Even the resignation of a valuable faculty member can go unnoticed. But conduct a seminar on "living patterns alternative to traditional marriage relationships," or sponsor a lecture by an acknowledged Communist or Fascist, and the horror of the surrounding public will be matched only by the dismay of the college public-relations department.

Yet critical analysis of such matters as these is precisely what a university is for. And inevitably, exaggerated response by the public to campus dialogue with "the enemy" only strengthens the position of the voice that is being silenced. It is ironic that the public is appalled that controversial investigation or political questioning should take place "at a university, of all places," when, in point of fact, it is at the university, of all places, that such critiques of accepted sacred truths should take place.

Of course, for the investigation of political philosophies,

social phenomena, and other realities that may be only partially understood, there are appropriate academic procedures. Controversial presentations always should be in a format that provides for rebuttal and cross-examination. Given this context, there is no reason why any thesis relative to a live issue and presented by a knowledgeable person should not be given a hearing. Is this not what academic freedom is all about?

On the surface it seems difficult to see any positive values in the more dramatic forms of controversy—rallies or marches protesting a national policy, a local condition, or an action of the college. Yet a university which succeeds in being "a beacon as well as a mirror" can hardly train its youths to be critical and creative and to identify changes that need to be made in our society, then expect them to sit back and wait for another generation to make those changes. The "academic mystique" asserts that political action may be reviewed but not held up against present practices to the possible embarrassment of the power structure, that members of the academic community have consciences but must not express them in a public manner. Thus we squelch the very creative impulse which higher education is designed to stimulate.

Most colleges worthy of the name will permit controversial programming and activity in spite of public misunderstanding—but often at the expense of public support. They need to be protected from the disgruntlement of state boards of regents or denominational bodies which threaten to withhold funds or exert other forms of pressure, thereby either thoughtlessly overlooking or intentionally betraying the transforming function of their university.

One would think that if there were any agency or fellowship that might sympathize with the university in its dual capacities of transmitter and transformer of culture it would be the church of Jesus Christ, which has long lived with its own paradoxical roles as priest and prophet.

The church has generally understood itself as a fellowship called into being by God's action in Jesus Christ to inspire man to respond to God's continual redemptive activity in history. I make a similar assertion for the university, because I see it as an agency formed to develop and enhance men's knowledge and skills in the interest of a more human humanity. Surely this is part of God's redemptive process among men.

Action: A Logical Consequence

If the investigations and debates of academicians on matters of society's ills and glories do not issue in an active concern to right wrongs and relieve suffering, to eradicate injustice and end war, this inaction indicates either a lack of seriousness about the lessons learned in college or a lack of nerve to do anything about them. Poor education, in any case.

When the academic mystique discourages active participation in society, it only fans the fires of protest and lowers the boiling point of many students to an unreasonable level of complaint. The participants in the original protests at Berkeley in 1964 ventured forth to call attention to discriminatory hiring practices in the surrounding community. They did not do this in the name of the University of California but as an expression of socially educated, politically informed, and personally concerned

human beings. Yet the fact that they happened also to be university students was unsettling to regents who then exerted pressure on university officials to put the clamps on political activity on the campus. Their hope appeared to be that embarrassing activities off campus might thus be retarded and that students would go back to the books and keep their eyes off the local scene.

But students heard the restrictive action as a way of saying, "Your task is to *learn* about problems, not to *do* anything about them. Save your zeal for social reform until you have attained greater maturity (and your livelihood depends on your co-operation with the establishment)." So the restriction backfired, resulting in the now-infamous Free Speech Movement.

To many students and faculty members at Berkeley (and on many other less publicized campuses), their activity was not a pause in their academic pursuits but a logical consequence of them. The university, as even the Christian church, always runs the risks that accompany all efforts to free men with new truth—the risk that truth will threaten the falsehoods which are always present to some degree in any society.

Serious question may have to be raised about the kind of procedures employed in some of our campus uprisings, but the questions must be put to both sides of the contests and not to the dissidents only. Violence is not to be lauded on either side of the conflict, whether it is the bombing of buildings or the killing of people. Certainly radical action of the sort that impedes normal community functioning is justified only after all other efforts at peaceful discussion have been exhausted and the lines of communication have become closed. The Scranton Report, for example, disclosed that students at Kent State had no intention of precipitating a shoot-out.

Many campuses have escaped Kent State-type upheaval because they have foreseen the early maturing of the educated young and have kept open the channels of communication and increased the participation of students in the policy-making processes.

However distressing some press coverages of university activities may be, they give evidence of a profound social sensitivity on the part of a great number of students, for which we have reason to be exceedingly grateful. Many a sermon has been preached and many a persuasive book written in the vain hope of eliciting such enthusiastic and committed response to social ills. Yet now that we have begun to see response to a degree that approximates genuine revolution, we find ourselves longing for the good old apathetic days when the most exciting movement on campus was the pantie-raid or the phone-booth stuffing contest.

Some Student Accusations

Today's students assert that if the university's pursuit of truth is ideological only and unrelated to action, it is rather like diagnosis without the expectation of therapy. There is something about this kind of education that smacks of hypocrisy. Students have another name for it—irrelevance.

"Busy work" has always been offensive to students, but today it is reprehensible. The entire contemporary university operation, from its curricular design to its approach to student government, from its grasp of the world outside to its preparation for the world of the future, seems

to students to be utterly anachronistic. Students, along with some poets and preachers and social analysts, are trying to say: "This is a different world, and its rate of change is accelerating. We dare not perpetuate universities that prepare us for today—they must shape today and prepare us for tomorrow."

When the thoughtful student shouts, "We demand meaning!" he is not asking for a gift to be handed him or a problem to be solved for him. His demand is for a share in the decision-making, for an opportunity to help shape the new university. He wants to awaken the policy makers to the reality that students have some valuable insights to share—for example, concerning what makes a relevant or irrelevant curriculum. His demand is for a chance to relate the pronouncements of lecture hall to the facts of his existence—personally, politically, and philosophically. This is a student some educators have been waiting a long time to see.

It is as easy to idealize students as to overcriticize them. Students are neither demons nor angels, neither enemies of morality nor paviors of the millenium. It must be acknowledged, simply, that he who is romantically called the "new breed" of student is less willing than his predecessors to sit still for an educational diet that is outmoded in both procedure and content and irrelevant to the problems of the future. Life is too precious to him and the times too critical for any more of this, and with one degree of articulation or another, he is more aware of this obsolescence than most adults on and off the campus. As a consequence, students are speaking out and acting out their dissatisfactions in radical ways that challenge the academic mystique and threaten not only to reform the university but to change the world.

Toward a Shared Responsibility

What is called for is not that academic institutions be turned over to students but that the student be helped to overcome his sense of alienation from the power structures in his college. If he is invited to share democratically in the planning, he will not only contribute his insights to the university's possible advantage, but he will gain on-the-job training for participation in the larger society.

This vision of shared responsibility on the campus is a commendable objective, not only for the university but for the Christian church, which has always claimed a deep sense of responsibility for education and for the individual Christian, whose business it is to know what a university is, and to hear what its students are saying.

So while we may not take seriously the well-worn barb, "Don't trust anyone under 30," we had better heed the much older wisdom of Goethe: "The future of a nation is to be found in the opinions of the young men under the age of 25." □



A RUMBLE like distant thunder stopped the marble game my pal and I were playing in the dusty road of a Wyoming town. Instantly we were on our feet, running through head-high sagebrush toward the tracks of the Oregon Short Line Railroad. We reached the tracks and about a half mile farther, around a bend, caught sight of the wreckage of two freight trains. One of them, speeding downhill, had entered the main line and collided with the other on a curve.

With boyish disregard for the dead and injured at the head of the train, our attention centered upon three iced refrigerator cars of fruit near the caboose. They had broken apart as they turned over, spilling huge quantities into a small creek.

Fresh fruit was not well known to us in Wyoming 60 years ago, especially at an altitude of 7,000 feet where summer is short. The challenge to my friend and me was how to get as much of it as possible home, more than a mile away. Since our pockets were too small to hold all the treasure we wanted, we tied our overalls tightly around our legs with twine and loaded half-ripe peaches and plums to the belt level.

Halfway home, waddling like a duck, I almost gave up. But I was sure Mother would prize the fruit as an unheard of treat so I staggered on, disregarding my sloshing shoes that

"One day I found a worn deck of playing cards in the bottom of the woodbox at the printshop. I stuffed them in my pockets and later, when I went home, spread them out on the kitchen floor to separate the ones with pretty pictures."

Sagebrush Missionary

By DONALD M. MAGOR

were slowly filling with oozing juice.

Entering the kitchen I met Father, who stared in amazement as a slow trickle of crushed fruit formed a puddle on the linoleum floor around my feet. Speechless for a moment, he reached for a paring knife and cut the binder twine on one ankle. The mess spread out, half under the kitchen range. He pulled the coal scuttle over and put my other foot in it before cutting the second string.

Father, usually very strict, must have been so enraged he was afraid to start punishment for fear of going too far. First he said he ought to whip me soundly. Instead, he decided it best to pray for me, especially since I should have known that the fruit was actually stolen from the railroad. Muttering something about Job's minor tribulations, he stalked across the road to his little church. His exit, I suspect, was more to gain control of himself than to pray for anyone in my state of disgrace.

Mother cried.

Father was an ordained Methodist minister from the North Indiana Conference. He had been sent to the Wyoming Mission to try to increase Methodist converts out of the large numbers that were surging into Mormonism. His training was strict fundamentalism. It was clear that in his mind the searing flames of hell licked hungrily at the feet of all serious transgressors. The sabbath was the Lord's day, and we observed it by going to Sunday school and to church both morning and evening. Where Father had more than one country church to serve, he might preach two or three times each week, and since I was inclined to the prankish side, he usually took me along to keep an eye on my off-side activities. Counting prayer meetings, choir practices, Epworth League, and frequent week-long revival meetings, my average attendance was higher than most.

Father visited and consoled the

sick; counseled the worried and distraught; baptized by immersion or sprinkling, according to preference; performed marriage ceremonies; conducted funerals; spoke at public gatherings; and helped others in a hundred ways, all the while converting unbelievers to Methodism. He prayed fervently for all sinners, but most intensely for those already asserting they had been "saved" when their actions seemed at odds with their protestations.

Among Wyoming's evils of the early 1900s he rated dance halls number one; the red-light house outside the village limits was second. Liquor and gambling tied for third; tobacco was a close fourth. (In our mining-camp town, there were 16 saloons.)

One-hour sermons were the accepted minimum and Father always gave a baker's dozen. He considered anything less was religious short-changing and he enjoyed telling the story of an exceptionally busy man who had no time to attend services. Instead, he hung a copy of the Ten Commandments at the foot of his bed. Each morning as he left the room, he nodded to the placard and said, "Lord, them's my sentiments."

Father received little money, but we were plentifully supplied with food, farm, and ranch products. We ate well but cash for clothing and other necessities came hard. I had a job in the winter after school, carrying wood from a snow-covered pile to fill the woodbox of the local printshop. One day, bringing in the first load, I found a worn deck of playing cards scattered in the bottom of the box. I stuffed them in my pockets and later, when I went home, spread them out on the kitchen floor to separate the ones with pretty pictures from those that had none.

Mother said nothing until Father came in from currying his beloved mare, Pet. Then she said, "He found them in the woodbox at the print-

shop." In silence, Father stooped and picked the cards from the floor, lifted a lid off the range, and threw them in the fire. He left the room with no reprimand. Mother said, "I used to play whist with such cards when I was a girl, but here men use them for gambling and that is why your father burned them." Perhaps the sight of the devil's prime tools spread across the parsonage floor had rendered him speechless.

Jake Humphreys was an old Civil War veteran who attended services as regularly as his failing health would permit. He was fond of strong cigars and seldom was seen without one. Knowing that the preacher disliked tobacco, he thoughtfully would put the cheroot under the church steps, retrieving it later for the long walk back to his farm. One Sunday when my father saw old Jake approaching the church in a cloud of smoke, he could not resist a gentle jibe.

"Jake, I see you have your idol with you."

Jake thought a moment and replied, "Yep, Reverend, but I'm burning it."

Father laughed about the incident for years afterward.

One day a rider came into our small cow town looking for someone to conduct the funeral of a young man dead two days from gunshot wounds at a ranch a long day's ride across the flat. The remains had been placed in a pine box and stored in a side room of the bunkhouse.

Father agreed to leave next morning, and he borrowed a buckboard for the trip. He took me along for company. It was a long, rough ride through the sage, with deep ruts in the unattended road, and it was long after dark when we arrived. The funeral was set for the following afternoon. When we entered, we found that cowboys, range hands, helpers, and other friends of the deceased had filled the main room of the bunk-

house with cigarette smoke so thick it made my eyes burn. Father requested all smoking to stop until the services were finished, and the boys respectfully complied.

Now, with an outside summer temperature and the remains stored in a closed room for nearly a week, no one should have been surprised at the intensity of the odor that spread through the bunkhouse. On the way home the next day, Father confided, "That was the first time in my entire life tobacco smoke smelled good to me."

Father's kindness and aid to the ill and injured consumed much of his time. He was handy with tools and his compassion knew no bounds when one widowed church member was seriously injured by the explosion of two dynamite caps which she unknowingly threw into the stove with other refuse. When she lit the fire a week or two later, the explosion mutilated her face and blinded both eyes.

When she began to move about again, Father installed small posts and strung clothes lines, waist high, from the back door to the pump and to the outside plumbing to form a hand guide. He built a rack on the rear porch and carried her wood from the shed close to the back door. He cut a round wooden form to cover the opening of her cistern so she could not fall in. In a score of ways he helped with encouragement and practical deeds.

Interfaith co-operation in that era was rare. But on the surface, at least, it appeared to occur in a tragic in-

stance resulting from a black-damp explosion in a coalmine 10 miles north of town. Eighteen men were dead. As soon as the mine could be cleared of gas, the undertaker brought the bodies to town to prepare them for burial. Most miners in that section were southern European immigrants and 14 of the deceased were Roman Catholics. The remaining four were Japanese. Father Lynch of the Catholic church suggested that the undertaker contact the Methodist minister to take care of the funerals for the Orientals. The priest did not mention the local Mormon elder whose church dominated the area.

A few weeks later, the priest met my father on the street and asked him if the coal company had paid him for the funerals. Father said he had not been paid. Father Lynch asked if he had billed the company.

"I couldn't do that or make any charge, but I could accept anything offered," Father replied.

Sometime later the priest gave my father \$80 from the coal company, an amount which matched his own rate. I'm sure it was the most cash Father had seen for a long time, and he was grateful to Father Lynch for handling the transaction. We did harbor a suspicion, however, that the good priest had some self-interest in not wanting coal company officials to discover that funerals could be had without cost.

Such are my recollections of a man who devoted his whole life to others. I am sure that, had my father written this himself, the choice of illustrative

anecdotes would have been different and more maturely suited to portray the Christian way of life he so steadfastly tried to live. Especially would he have emphasized one central theme he expressed so often:

"No one ever experiences the maximum inner glow of satisfaction until he gives of himself for no advantage. It is the 'bread upon the waters' that sends the soul singing on its way."

Visiting Father in his 76th year, shortly before he died, I found him sawing wood in the old woodlot of his retirement farm. As we sat on a log to rest, I asked him if he still believed in the literal burning hell he so fervently preached about when I was a boy. It was a question I never would have had the temerity to ask in my long-gone childhood. Slowly, thoughtfully, measuring his words, he responded:

"Heaven to me now is that fully rewarding realization that one has done his absolute best with the physical and mental equipment he possesses and in the circumstances in which he finds himself.

"Hell," he went on, "is the everlasting, frustrating regret that one has not done the best he was capable of, compounded by the knowledge that not one thing can be done to reverse the memory of failure to do so."

I could think of no improvement upon that succinct definition. I left my father that day with the comforting feeling that he was at ease with his Maker. □

Confession

*I think my besetting sin
is that of the three
who were asked to watch
in Gethsemane.
They slept. So have I
when my Master bade me wait.
My spirit soars at his command,
but the flesh is reprobate.*

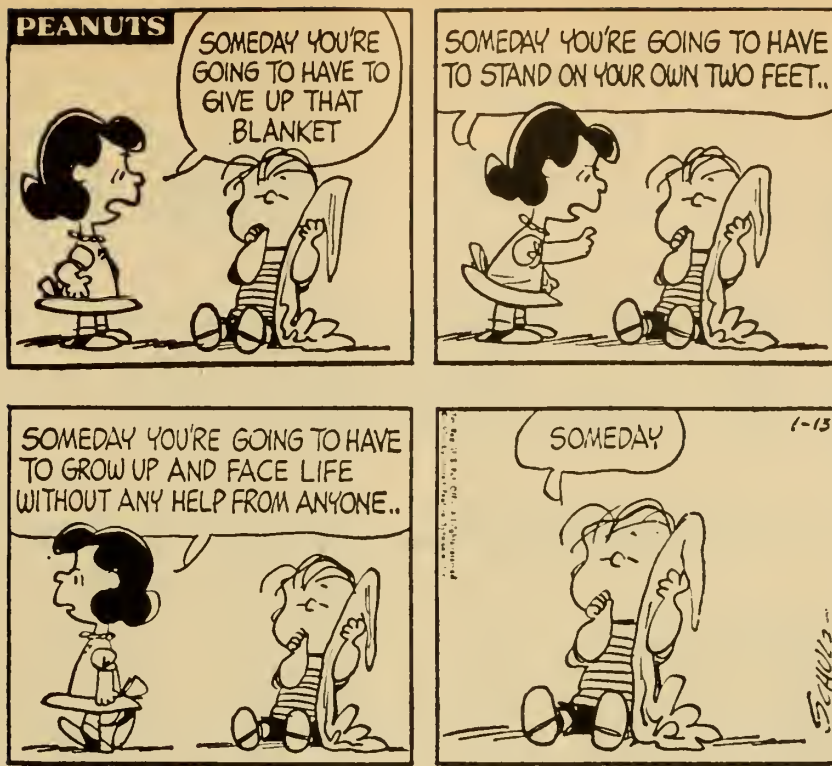
*"Lord, give me something specific;
let me perform some arduous task,
for I find I'm prone to sleep
when patient prayer is all you ask."*

—Phyllis S. Yingling

Be prepared, Lord

O God, be waiting for me
when I return from the Far Country.
Stand fast till I need thee . . .
before the car crashes,
before the heart attack,
before the last breath.
If you want me in the saved column,
You must be alert.

—Robert Hale



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The Courage to Be Happy

By WARREN R. EBINGER

*The Lord is my light and my salvation;
whom shall I fear?—Psalms 27:1*

HAPPINESS is a warm puppy . . . an umbrella and a new raincoat . . . finding someone you like at the front door . . . the hiccups after they have gone away . . . walking in the grass in your bare feet . . .

This is happiness, according to Charles Schulz. Happiness is one thing to one person and another thing to another person. For some, happiness is a dry martini, taking a trip on LSD, smoking marijuana. For others, happiness is sun after rain, a vacation via jet, a hit record, a promotion, a first baby, a good report card.

What is happiness for you? To be honest with oneself requires courage, as essentially it requires courage to find real happiness. To remain happy in the midst of unhappiness requires even greater courage.

Courage Reveals the True Self

Courage is a part of heroism. It is needed in the midst of danger or when your convictions are tested or while walking alone through the night. But courage is also an

ingredient of happiness. It takes courage to find happiness because, basically, it takes courage to live and to be truly alive. John F. Kennedy described courage in relationship to life in these closing lines of his book *Profiles In Courage* (Harper & Row, \$5. cloth; 75¢, paper):

"To be courageous . . . requires no exceptional qualifications, no magic formula, no special combination of time, place and circumstance. It is an opportunity that sooner or later is presented to us all. . . . The stories of past courage can define that ingredient—they can teach, they can offer hope, they can provide inspiration. But they cannot supply courage itself. For this each man must look into his own soul."

When a psalmist looked into his own soul, this is what he affirmed: *The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the stronghold of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?*

This psalm is composed of two originally independent poems. The first part describes the psalmist's confidence in God, no matter what. Even though he is separated from his home, surrounded by enemies, faced with constant threats and fears, he has courage.

He misses the Temple, which for a long time had been

his symbol of faith. Yet he is finding that God is not only in the Temple in Jerusalem. He is very real and very present right where life is confronted. The psalmist is thus happy in the midst of trouble. He has something which makes him suddenly taller than his enemies.

The second part of the psalm differs in that it speaks of the anguish, the dependence, the need that a man feels for a resource beyond himself. It is a plea for help.

Faith in God is the power line of courage which provides help. With such courage, the psalmist can rise above despair to face life and thus find happiness. Here is his creed: *I believe that I shall see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living! Wait for the Lord; be strong, and let your heart take courage; yea, wait for the Lord!*

The courage to be happy stems from an affirmation of faith in God—*The Lord is my light and my salvation*. There are many other formulas for happiness. Although these may produce fun, excitement, or sensation, they often leave an emptiness rather than bring fulfillment.

Our Never-Ending Need

There is a never-ending need for God as our source of courage, and each of us must ask for continual help:

*Hear, O Lord, when I cry aloud,
be gracious to me and answer me!*

In the midst of our desperation we cry out. Petition is an important part of our understanding of faith and of the relationship to the One who can sustain and give us inner courage.

"Teach me thy way" is part of the petition. The way of life is not smooth. Happiness is not the absence of problems and troubles but the overcoming of them.

We never arrive at complete happiness. Rather, we seek courage so to relate to life that it can be redeemed daily. This means to receive all life as it is given rather than to reject it. Recognizing that life contains all the varieties of joy and sorrow, we cannot automatically separate it into "happiness" and "unhappiness," but rather we must accept it as a total experience of living.

Kahlil Gibran, in *The Prophet* (Alfred A. Knopf, \$4.50), explains it in this way: "Then a woman said, Speak to us of Joy and Sorrow.

"And he answered: Your joy is your sorrow unmasked.

"And the self-same well from which your laughter rises was oftentimes filled with your tears.

"And how else can it be?

"The deeper that sorrow carves into your being, the more joy you can contain. . . .

"When you are joyous, look deep into your heart and you shall find it is only that which has given you sorrow that is giving you joy. . . .

"Only when you are empty are you at a standstill and balanced."

To be able to appreciate the total experience of life as God-given and to recognize the continuing need for God in the midst of it all is to affirm belief and to confess dependence upon a Source beyond ourselves.

Courage to Accept Life

As for those who are continually looking for happiness in some other place or in some other year, they are the most unhappy. They have never truly accepted life or themselves. Perhaps they have not the courage to do so.

In the delightful Broadway musical *Fiddler on the Roof*,

the central theme conveys the fact that God is as close to man as life itself. Tevye, the father and husband, interprets his philosophy in these words:

"A fiddler on the roof. Sounds crazy, no? But in our little village of Anatevka, you might say everyone of us is a fiddler on the roof, trying to scratch out a pleasant, simple tune without breaking his neck. It isn't easy. You may ask, why do we stay up here if it's so dangerous? We stay because Anatevka is our home. And how do we keep our balance? That I can tell you in a word: tradition!"¹

But as the drama develops it becomes obvious that traditions are broken and old ways are replaced with new ways. Yet in the midst of these changes, Tevye and his family find God to be unchanging. Though he is a poor dairyman who complains about his lot, Tevye accepts life with a courageous spirit and converses with God about daily concerns as well as critical events:

"How long can that miserable horse of mine complain about his leg? . . . Dear God, if I can walk on two legs, why can't he walk on three? I know I shouldn't be too upset with him. He is one of your creatures and he has the same rights as I have: the right to be sick, the right to be hungry, the right to work like a horse. And dear God, I'm sick and tired of pulling this cart. I know, I know, I should push it a while."¹

He starts pushing the cart when his wife suddenly comes on the scene extremely upset because their daughter has left home and married a man of another faith. Tevye cannot believe it and is so hurt at first that it seems impossible for him to accept the fact. It appears that he never could recover from this shock until, as one crisis leads to another, they are finally forced to leave their home and village because of enemy invasion. It is then that Tevye confronts his daughter and her husband and imparts his blessing: "God be with you!"¹

The secret of Tevye's life and his ability to remain happy in the midst of change is his belief that God is with him. So it must be for us. It is a matter of acceptance and of courage, as Reinhold Niebuhr phrased it in his prayer: "God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference."

Whatever you are facing—whether it is sickness, marital problems, indecision, failure, financial difficulty, inferiority feelings—with God's help you can have courage to face this day, to face life as it has been given to you at this precise moment.

This is the fact the psalmist knew. Christ taught it. Paul proved it over and over. The saints have echoed it through the years. We do not know about tomorrow. It is not yet. What it will bring, not one of us can predict, nor would we really want to know. But today *is*. And courage is a "today" kind of word. So is happiness.

Happiness for a Christian does allow for anticipation of a new kind of tomorrow. For our petition moves again to affirmation. And this is the cycle of life: We affirm that which we believe, only then to cry out desperately for help from the One in whom we believe, and then again in confidence to reaffirm our belief—in the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living! □

¹ From *Fiddler on the Roof* by Joseph Stein. © 1964 by Joseph Stein. Music and lyrics © 1964 by Sunbeam Music Corporation. Used by permission of Crown Publishers, Inc.—Your Editors

Your Faith

Christians seeking truth always have questions about their faith, and Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas discusses some of them each month on this page. Send yours to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.



Is Christ's presence too mystical for modern Christians?

✦ Many Christians claim that it is. They dislike dim, shadowy figures who never walk in the real world. Life, they say, is too serious for empty theologizing. Yet Christ was never this way. The Incarnation was undeniably real: God in human form, walking the earth, eating, healing, preaching, revealing the abundant life. Christ was not a shadowy figure to his

disciples but a disturbingly real person.

People today often experience Christ's presence without knowing it. A very discerning sociologist, Peter Berger, writing in *A Rumor of Angels*, puts it this way: "Wherever communities gather around acts of redeeming love, there we may look for the presence of Christ."

What does religion have to say to the worldwide hunger for freedom?

✦ Christ always reminded men and women of the gift of freedom which comes to all men as a gift of God. To those enslaved by the law, he offered a higher way of response to life. He came not to destroy the law but to fulfill it. To those enslaved by sin, he offered forgiveness and a new start. In his own life, Christ was free to eat with publicans and sinners, just as he was free to worship the Father.

Above all, Christ gives men freedom from illusions. Is our way of living real

freedom, or is it enslavement to our own habits? This is a question every person must answer. Christ also reveals the true nature of freedom—not freedom from restraint but freedom to live fully. Phillips Brooks, one of America's greatest preachers, said: "God frees our souls, not from service, not from duty, but into service and into duty, and he who mistakes the purpose of his freedom mistakes the character of his freedom." (From *The Treasure Chest*, edited by Charles Wallis, Harper & Row, \$4.95.)

Doesn't the crime explosion show the failure of religion?

✦ Only in a limited sense. In a much larger sense, the prevalence of crime shows the failure of all men, religious and irreligious alike. Consider: Our alarm about crime has not forced us to eliminate many of the roots of crime; many people grow rich from the stimulation of appetites; we glorify violence and emphasize sex in movies, yet we are horrified when society erupts in violent crimes; we tolerate all kinds of questionable give-away advertising techniques but shudder when people seek something for nothing.

Religion is primarily the living expression of a great desire. Whenever any religion meets a greater life purpose, it is the dominant desire that triumphs. Karl Menninger, one of America's great psychiatrists, once wrote in the *Saturday Review*: "The inescapable conclusion is that society secretly wants crime, needs crime, and gains definite satisfaction from the present mishandling of it."

To a remarkable degree, we get what we secretly want.

A Vote for the WASP

By DANIEL H. KRICHBAUM

Pastor, St. Luke's United Methodist Church
Rochester, Michigan



A model for today's WASP is Philemon: He refused to wallow in middle-class guilt and used his influence for meaningful social reform.

I AM A WASP (White, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant), deserving of a past criticism directed at me but searching for a positive agenda. I have been attacked from the radical left for not raising the colors of revolution and condemned by the right for sympathizing with the issues raised by the young and the poor. I am discouraged and confused.

But I have found a ray of hope for those, like myself, whose concern is to change society so that the poor and other minorities can determine their own destiny. This way is open for those whose intuition suggests that this can be accomplished only within a reasonable facsimile of present democratic means.

An affirmative voice calls us to play an important role in shaping the future. Perhaps the voice has been overlooked because its vote of confidence is cast in such a surprising place as the New Testament. It is not so surprising that this medium describes the change God seeks for man and society. But to find an agenda for WASPs suggested in such an unlikely place as the Book of Philemon is disconcerting. One expects wisdom and power from the Gospels or Acts, but not from an unfamiliar book that is small enough to be printed on one page. Philemon is seldom thought about or even read!

Lesson From Scripture

The significance of Philemon for middle-class Christians may remain hidden. Paul, writing from jail, sends a letter to his friend Philemon and asks him to release a runaway slave, Onesimus who, since his escape, has worked with Paul. Because of Onesimus's contribution to the early church, Paul asks Philemon to free him and accept him as a brother. Since the connection with slavery serves to remind the contemporary middle class of its racism, we stop usually with that obvious connection. As important a function as that serves, there is more of significance in Philemon for middle-class Christians than that.

That in itself is a rarity in the New Testament because the models for Christian living bear slight resemblance to anything that a middle-class style approximates. Jesus was poor. He depended for sustenance on the kindness of friends and constantly was at odds with the status quo. Obviously those traits are somewhat removed from the life-style of most American Protestants. Paul spent time in jail, ignored opportunities for prestige or material advantage, and lived a nomadic existence in order to spread the gospel. While middle-class Christians can proclaim his commitment, few churchgoers can identify

his style with the life which they now strive to lead.

Philemon, however, is a man like you and me. He wants very much to be a Christian *and* to preserve the comfortable living which his efforts have afforded him. There is little doubt as to his affluence (slaveowners were not poor), and he never pretends to live out the same style of total commitment that we find in Jesus or Paul. He wants to be a Christian while retaining a middle-class standard of living. His dilemma then is ours now. If the church takes seriously the middle-class person in the pew, the church must deal with his dilemma.

In his letter, Paul testifies to Philemon's Christian character and then sharply reprimands him for his lack of Christian love. Since most of today's WASPs, like Philemon, are "damned if they do or damned if they don't," Philemon serves as a significant model for walking a tightrope.

Philemon's significance in his time is not adequately described by what we are given in Paul's letter. Based on the data we have, it seems quite plausible that Philemon was instrumental in forwarding the Christian cause. He was a positive force in changing the early church, and he worked to reform secular society.

One wonders how Philemon could be considered both middle class and Christian by so worthy a judge as Paul. Christianity had not achieved much respectability. Early Christians were branded as troublemakers. Paul and others who tried to persuade people to question their primary allegiance were disturbing the status quo of Roman government or local gods. Paul spent time in jail only because of this disruptive influence.

Philemon certainly was no Paul. He held a reputation as an outstanding citizen—yet he was Christian. To fit those two polarities together, we can surmise that Philemon was not *openly* Christian. He must have operated behind the scenes to aid the Christian movement. The letter itself implies that the house-church in his village met in his home, providing a secret meeting place.

A Ministry for Today

Today's middle-class Christian can provide a similar ministry. He can "house" those who are challenging the system by providing money and meeting places. He can persuade other middle-class people of the need for social reforms. Too often, middle-class Christians turn off militant student or minority groups because of their dress or language. Operating behind the scenes as Philemon did, we can help interpret the positive reforms which many militant groups are offering.

Middle-class laymen work in secular institutions that need to be rid of insensitivity to social problems. It is not illogical to suppose that Philemon released Onesimus and divested his business of all slavery when he realized its iniquity. Serving as a model to motivate our working for change in institutions, Philemon suggests a positive agenda for ridding any company of unintentionally racist practices.

Christian businessmen can generate enough influence to create an institutional outlook which encourages the public to accept reforms as necessary to maintaining confidence in our socioeconomic system. If change comes in

our time, it will be for two reasons: those outside the system will disrupt it sufficiently to heighten concern, and those within the system will work to bring needed change. That latter agenda is for WASPs.

We well can imagine that Philemon watched with interest the development and success of Onesimus. New Testament scholar John Knox surmises that Onesimus may have become one of the first bishops in the early church and, if so, we cannot leave Philemon out. By the time Onesimus became bishop, the church had developed so that a bishop's power moved society as well as the church.

Those pushing Onesimus for bishop did so believing he would influence society. A major thrust of the church today should be to influence the secular powers who will make the life or death decisions in the extremely complex technological society of the future. Caucuses and church politics, now parochial, are needed for more than internal power struggles. These groups could organize to push technological (and ethically sensitized) experts into important secular positions.

Some physical and social science experts insist that in the near future technological decisions will be so complex that an elite will be charting mankind's course. Unless that elite is ethically sensitive to Judeo-Christian values, man will suffer irreparable damage. To prevent that occurrence is a possible agenda for mainline churches.

Better Stewards Needed

The challenge to WASPs is to change the priorities in our denominations radically. And one priority must be to train intellectually and emotionally persons destined to become top-flight social and physical scientists—the future elite. Unless we become better stewards, by allocating large sums of time and money to influence and sensitize these technologists and to pressure technocrats into responsible decisions, they may be making disastrous moral choices without even realizing it.

God's call for vision will be answered positively when national and regional boards of Christian education or mission begin to form centers for this agenda. These centers must develop into more than think tanks or interesting week-long seminars. They might provide resources so that technocrats are trained to act out of deep emotional and intellectual concern for maintaining the Judeo-Christian possibilities for man.

These centers, as well as local churches, also could provide training that would motivate more laymen to form pressure groups. Unless strong pressure groups of varying local interests exist, decision makers will not be pushed into the sensitive, ethical decisions of which they are capable. It is a large but not an impossible agenda.

Society will be shaped. The question is, By whom? Implications from our understanding of Philemon suggest that he influenced his time. His vote for the WASPs was his refusal to wallow in the guilt of being middle class and his use of that influence, often behind the scenes, for meaningful reform. If WASPs develop a new positive white-consciousness, perhaps some credit should go to men like Philemon who developed a Christian style out of the tension created by living amidst both Christianity and prosperity. □

Letters

FAMILY WILL HAVE TO BE SMALL OR IT WILL BE DEAD

After years of glancing through issues of *Together*, admiring the photography and then turning for relevant reading to *Psychology Today* and *Playboy*, I am deliriously happy to report that I find your January issue really "together!"

Church magazines so often ignore world issues. But as we all have to realize, unless we start pushing and demanding population and pollution controls, there will be no people at all for the church to minister to. We will all be long gone, along with our lakes, rivers, grass, flowers, and blue skies.

I am 24 years old, the daughter of a United Methodist minister. I have been married five years. We have no children nor will we ever have them. My husband has had a vasectomy. Certainly that is better than to bring a child into a polluted, overcrowded world!

The January issue is truly fantastic. Keep it up. No more stories praising big happy families! From now on, a family will have to be small or it will be dead.

Keep finding beautiful pictures for us. At least we will have a record of what our world looked like before it died.

MAR PENNER
Fort Erie, Ont., Canada

CHRISTMAS JOY SMOTHERED BY 'INDIGESTIBLE MIND POLLUTION'

I read with disbelief the novelette *Lost Dominion* by Herman B. Teeter in the January issue [page 25]. In fact, I couldn't put it down

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until I came to the end, wondering all along, What's the purpose? and hoping to come upon it there at the end.

Surely this article—and the entire issue—was untimely. We received our copy three weeks before January. (Why do we always have to be raced into something before it gets here?)

I read *Lost Dominion* the day before Christmas. Can you imagine the deep guilt I felt at all those carefully picked Christmas gifts? The joy I had for Christmas was glorious—only to be smothered by racing into the future again with this bit of sour, indigestible mind pollution.

Do you really think the kind of future Mr. Teeter wrote about could come to pass? And where was my God in it, and the strength, hope, love, and trust we as his children have for him? The whole story depended on man without the help of God ever mentioned.

MRS. LARRY TREMAINE
Lynden, Wash.

'LOST DOMINION': SHE LIVED EVERY PARAGRAPH OF IT

Herman B. Teeter's *Lost Dominion* novelette really impressed me. Many events depicted in science-fiction stories in the past seemed impossible but have become realities. After reading Dr. Paul R. Ehrlich's *The Population Bomb* and articles related to its alarming message, I still hope the incidents in *Lost Dominion* will not follow.

Since I have lived in both Chicago and Dwight, Ill., I can see Paul and Jon traveling from Hammond south of Chicago toward Dwight. Of course I am picturing the location in 1971 instead of 1990.

I was sorry at the end of the story that Paul was returning to Central City. Let's have him pass away on his way back.

The story was well written. I lived every paragraph of it!

MARTHA HOFFMAN
Chicago, Ill.

'TIMELY, THOUGHT PROVOKING'

I have read, with much interest, Herman B. Teeter's contributions in *Together* for some time. Now I have just finished reading his *Lost Dominion*. It is timely and thought provoking. He has been given a real vision to write it. It should be read by millions of people.

DON JENNINGS
Angola, Ind.

JANUARY ISSUE ADDS TO 'NATIONAL PRESTIGE'

Herman B. Teeter's *Lost Dominion* in the January issue wonderfully illustrated the need for everyone to share in the cleaning up of our environment. I would suggest that this fine feature be continued to emphasize the problems, and solutions, of our weary world. Let the printed page become alive and challenging from the mind of such a creative writer.

Your January issue adds to *Together*'s national prestige and acclamation.

ROY B. GOSSA
Sedalia, Mo.

LAND THREATENED BY NOISE, AIR POLLUTION

Congratulations on the excellent January issue with its emphasis on environmental issues.

Your editorial, *Think of the Generations to Come* [page 24], mentions the interstate highways that "plow through parks, split homogeneous neighborhoods, and obliterate scenic areas to make it possible to spew over the land more gasoline wastes . . ."

Here in Richland we are threatened by Interstate 182 which is to skirt our city, ruining land that should be reserved for parks and bringing more noise and air pollution to our vicinity. I hope more local residents read your editorial and will be moved to oppose I-182.

LOUIS A. du PLE
Richland, W. Va.

'MEN FORGET THEY CAN TALK REASON WITH ONE ANOTHER'

Mrs. Orville Allen's letter on gun control [After *Outlawing Guns: No Stopping Place*, December, 1970, page 51] reflects the all too prevalent attitude of many Americans today: Take away a person's gun and he is helpless. They would have us believe that America is doomed unless its valiant, armed-to-the-teeth citizens can shoot it out with the Red Menace at high noon at the local O.K. Cafe. I'm afraid Mrs. Allen has seen too many John Wayne movies.

Just what would happen to our country if everyone's gun were taken away? The number of people assaulted with guns as the result of an argument or in a fit of passion far exceeds the number of premeditated crimes committed with guns.

One of the major flaws of

...society (and of the communists' society, too, for that matter) is the belief that trial by combat can settle a dispute meaningfully. This has been a precept of Western society since the Dark Ages, and often we forget they can talk and reason with one another. When a dispute arises, the one left standing is right, no matter what. Jesus said we should love our enemies. He didn't differentiate between foreign and domestic and never should we. For all the false confidence a gun may provide to some insecure soul, in the end it only makes him fear his enemy more. All he then needs to do is get a bigger gun. An Jesus didn't say love your enemy as soon as he starts loving you. He simply said love your enemy. Maybe if we tried it, we wouldn't have any enemies left.

ROBERT J. ALTIZER
Evanston, Ill.

READING COPIES ALONG MAKES TOGETHER DOUBLY USEFUL

...and *Together* inspirational, practical, and entertaining. I find its attraction not only in such regular features as *Yours Faithfully* by Bishop James S. Thomas, *Books by Helen Jahnsan*, and *Fiction* by Bishop Gerald Kennedy but also in many of the other writings.

...Key to Better Reading by Paul D. Keedy, which you reviewed in December, 1968, continues to be a practical help to me and the disciples with whom I use the Laubach method of teaching reading and writing. I have been helped by many of these of Helen Jahnsan's reviews.

...the true stories of people's lives are serious as well as entertaining, and *Letters From Elsewhere* often are not so "elsewhere" but remind you of your own experiences.

...passing my read copies on to my out-in-friend makes *Together* doubly useful.

MARCELLA MITCHELL
South Bend, Ind.

LOSS OF AREA NEWS SECTION A DISAPPOINTMENT

...Our announcement of the discontinuance of the *Together* Area News Editions comes as a shocking disappointment. [See *Area News Editions to End in December*, December, 1970, page 21.] Where are those of us in some areas of the church get the area news? To me this is far more important than some

of the asinine and absurd articles that have appeared in *Together*. In other words, cut out some of the *Together* nonessentials or increase the subscription rate.

One of the foundations of good public relations is: Tell people in advance about changes that will affect them. In my opinion, that was not done in this case.

Although my *Together* subscription has been renewed for 1971, I question if it will be for 1972.

JAMES C. HUNTLEY
Buffala, N.Y.

TWO DECEMBER FEATURES SAVED FOR FUTURE USE

I just had to express my appreciation for two refreshing stories in your December, 1970, issue. My five-year-old daughter thoroughly enjoyed Sharly Gold's *Small Fry* story, *When Christmas Comes Again* [page 66], and my husband and I both had chuckles from *The Grapefruit Tree* by H. T. Barker [page 27]. I loved the way it was so humanly told, and the experiences related were so typical of a six-year-old. I'm saving them both for future reference. Many thanks!

MRS. DUANE E. BELL
Columbus, Ohio

NATIVITY ART PRESENTATION BEST AMONG SEVERAL

The impact of *Together* is impressive. The local newspaper chain, *Good Housekeeping*, *Woman's Day*, and now *Together* all have publicized our *Art of the Nativity*

exhibit here at the United Methodist Church of the Tarrytowns. Traceable mail and telephone inquiries show *Together* at the top of the list. In fact, your article in the December, 1970, issue [*Art of the Nativity*, page 30] produced more inquiries than all the others combined.

In fairness it should be noted that your article was by far the best presentation and should, therefore, have created more reader response. Thank you for your coverage.

WILLIAM W. HOLMAN, Pastor
United Methodist Church
of the Tarrytowns
Tarrytown, N.Y.

ONLY 'LETTERS' STIRS NEGATIVE FEELINGS

For what it's worth, I feel compelled to let you know how an Episcopal priest reacts to the content and format of *Together*. A complimentary copy arrives monthly at our hospital, and I always regret that conscience demands that I pass it on to patients when I finish reading. I would much prefer to bind the copies and make them a part of my library.

No church periodical I know comes to the excellence and attractiveness of *Together*. The only negative feeling that comes over me is when I read some of the viewpoints expressed in *Letters*. How, in this exciting age of ecumenism, can the lady from West Virginia insist that "articles on religion" should conform to the doctrines of The United Methodist Church? [See *Similar Material Available Elsewhere*, January, page 57.] All I could



HOW TO GET ALONG WITH TEEN-AGERS

DON'T DESPAIR if you feel only helpless frustration when dealing with teen-agers—you're not alone. We can regain some of our former sanity and self-possession, however, by following a few simple rules.

1. Install a chute with a conveyor belt between the local grocery store and your kitchen. Arrange with your grocer for continuous shipment of anything chocolate, hot dogs, potato chips, cheeses, milk, hamburgers, ice cream, cookies, and pickles. Don't forget smoked oysters for that new boy down the street who plays chess.

2. Stop ruining your eyes trying to see through that shock of hair to decide if it's hiding a boy or a girl. Wait for summer and take your teen-agers swimming. When they surface from a dive, the hair will part and reveal either runny eye makeup or a stubbly beard. From there you're on your own.

3. When your teen is out and sirens scream in the night, do not stay up and pace the floor. Calmly set a time for his arrival. If he is not inside the door when agreed, ground him for a week. Then spend the week catching up on your sleep. When his curfew is lifted, you will be strong enough to face the pacing. And wear support stockings. After all, Carl Yastrzemski does.

4. When your teens invite you to go bowling or skiing with them, stay home. When they invite you to join them in a game of touch football, stay indoors. These precautions will keep your bones and muscles intact, and you can talk

a good game without having to prove it. It is amazing how we forget many of the fine points—like when to duck—about the games of our youth; but how much they do know, how strong and agile they are, and how much endurance they have. Of course we have it, too; we just don't feel the need to prove it all the time.

5. When they act childish and throw pillows, cry at the drop of a hat, leave their rooms in a shambles, pout all through dinner, or are sent home from school for throwing potatoes in the lunchroom, get out their baby books. Look at their pictures back when they were small and helpless.

But do not concentrate on how adorable they were, how trusting and sweet. Instead, remember the diapers. Remember the burps—some dry, some wet. Remember the long nights of colic. Remember how they couldn't even dress themselves. Remember how they chewed your magazines and wrote on the walls and wiped wet zwieback all over the carpet.

When you have finished remembering, lean back and dream of the future. You'll be able to go to bed when you please and sleep undisturbed all night. Your house will be neat, your garden untrampled, your food bill minimal, and you will be able to read uninterrupted all the books you've not had time for. It will be quiet.

It will be far too quiet, in fact, but don't run out and rent some children. Enjoy the brief respite and your newfound sanity—soon you'll be grandparents!

—Nancy Garber

hope is that she won't be terribly upset that other-than-Methodists read, respect, and have come to love *Together*.

FRANCIS L. WINDER, Chapl
St. Mark's Hosp
Salt Lake City, U

PASTOR'S SERMONS ALWAYS OF VALUE

I was pleased to see *The Opposite of Love* [January, page 54], the excellent Open Pulpit sermon by Earl K. Hanna, pastor of Arvada United Methodist Church, Arvada, Colo. I am privileged to be a member of this church which is a growing, working church because of Mr. Hanna's leadership and the co-operation of the others who minister with him.

Mr. Hanna touches many lives with his ministry. The sanctuary is filled at three Sunday worship services, and there is something in each message for everyone. If all could hear him and other such men across this great land of ours, and heed, we shouldn't have to wonder about tomorrow.

MRS. STANLEY E. H
Arvada, Co

DECEMBER COVER 'INSPIRING'

I am a bit late but I want to express my appreciation for your beautiful December [1970] cover picture. Sheila Beckett's sculpture *The Child* is one of the most inspiring things I have ever seen.

One could look at it by the hour. Mary rising with glowing face and eager, outstretched arms, Joseph kneeling humbly below, no less eager to receive and care for both mother and Child.

The artist has a conception of Christian acceptance that can hardly be surpassed.

HAZEL E. McCALL
Rutland, Vt

CALENDAR BEAUTIFUL, USEFUL

Thank you for including the 1971 calendar in the January issue of *Together*. It is both beautiful and useful!

BURTON C. BASTUSCH
Associate Pastor
First United Methodist Church
Portland, O

'Dont never Let it be Said a Little Snow Ever stopt Me...'

Dear Editor:

The Good Book says man is born to toil and truble and I guess I have had my shair but I dont complane much altho in my time on this place I have bin rained out, warshed out, burnt out, and onct was almost mortgaged out.

However, Mr. Editor, I was never snowed out until last Sat. when a big blizzard unexpectedly struck Elsewhere & invirons.

Well, to tell the truth, I wasnt snowed out, I was snowed in. When we woke up Sat a.m. early everthing was buried more than a foot deep and it was snowing so hard we cudnt see our barn for all the flakes that was in the air.

"Hegbert," said my wife Abby, "What are we going to do for groceries? I have the list made out for you to drive into the supramarkit in the county seat for our supplies."

"Don't you worry Abby," I said. "I will brest the storm. I will git thru. Dont never let it be said a little snow ever stopt me. I am a Clutter."

Well, Mr. Editor, I have to admit that even I dont always know what I am talking about because I cudnt git my old car even haf way out of the shed they was so much snow.

"What are we going to do Abby?" I ast, returning to the house in de-feet. "They wont be no beef rost or quick froze rasberry pie on table this Sunday at dinner time."

"Are we going to starve?" ast Little Willie, whom is our youngest child, the onely 1 left at home and a blessing to me and Abby in our old age.

"No, Little Willie," his mamma replied. "We will sirvive somehow," but the words was hardly out of her

mouth when the lights went out, the radio stopt, and the frigerator went off. We tried the tv and it woodnt lite up, and the lectric stove woodnt heat up.

"Now we are in a fix," I xclaimed. "The REA lines is down somewheres between hear and the county seat."

"Are we going to freeze, Daddy?" Little Willie ast.

"Not as long as I have my old wood stove set up in the kitchen," Abby said. "Not as long as we have our far place in the front room. Hegbert now you know why I woodnt let you move my old wood stove out of the kitchen and why I kept on naggin you to cut us a cord of far wood all last fall."

"What am I going to have for brekfast, mamma," Little Willie ast. "We are out of them sweet Tostapop cerals of which I am fond."

"Hegbert," said Abby, "You go out to the barn and see if the hens has laid any eggs. On your way by the old smokehouse pick up that big slab of smoked sidemeat you and Little Willie has been turning up your nose at and your back on for store bought bacon and pork chops. Then I will mix up some flour flapjacks and we will have them with sorgum molases, side meat, and eggs all in a jiffy."

"Abby," I said, "We are out of cof-fee, too."

"Now you know why I kept naggin you last spring to dig all them sasafras roots with which to thin out our blood, Hegbert. Pick up some of the roots you throwed over in the corner of the woodshed, and we will have us some sasafras tea to go with our eggs, flapjacks, and sidemeat."



Well, Mr. Editor, no king never set down to a feast better than we 3 Clutters in our kitchen with the big snow flakes coming down outside and the old wood stove throwing out the heat and the big log far crackling away on the andarns.

"You know, Abby," I said, "I had forgot what it was like in the old days, we have been living out of paper pokes and tin cans so long."

"I never knowed what the old days was like," said Little Willie. "Do you suppose the tv will come back on for my favorite carton programs?"

"Maybe we shud have got us one of them battary sets," I said. "Then at least we wood know what the weather is like."

"I dont need no battary set to know what the weather is like," said Abby. "It is cold and it is going to git colder"

"We are living like the pincers I have studied about in my histry book," Little Willie said. "I will read to you about them from one of my books. They didn't have no radios, tv or lectricity."

You shud have herd our Little Willie read out loud. Mr. Editor. I never knowed he cud read so good for a 6th grader and I bet he cud

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win a prize. Then after he had read to us, he said I will go out and get some more far wood, Daddy, which he did and stacked so much of it in the house that I had to say stop we have enough in hear to last us 1 mo. Little Willie.

Well, nobody come up our rode all day long and I guess the phone lines was down for nobody called not even my preacher Bro. Harol Viktor.

Around 4 p.m. the snow begun to slack off and I cud feel it was gitting real cold without no weatherman telling me it was. I cud tell by the way the house creeked and the way the tree limbs in our front yard was snapping off.

That night after Abby had made Little Willie some ice cream with snow and vinila extract we set in the dark in our front room with the big far place roaring and throwing big shadders on the wall.

"I wish the tv wood come on so I cud see the missun imposible program which is one of my favorites," said Little Willie.

"I tell you what we will do," his mamma said, and put her hands together and begun to make shadders on the side wall. She made a peckin goose, a barkin dog, a elefant hed, and something else that looked like a horse or lamb I cudnt tell which, and did Little Willie ever laff. He laffed and laffed and ast his mamma to show him how to make animal shadders on the wall with his hands and she did.

"This is more fun than the tv," Little Willie xclaimed, and then after while he said: "The lite from the far place is brite enuff for me to read by like Abe Lincon did, and wood you like for me to read some more or recite part of a pome I memorized called Snowbound by Whittier?"

"Little Willie," I said, "I did not know you had memorized any pomes, so your mamma and I wood like to hear you recite," which he did, and I bet Little Willie cud win a prize in deklamation if he tried. It shure was fun and then we scooted our boy off to bed and put him under 4 quilts it was so cold in his room.

Next morning when he got up Little Willie said he hoped the lectricity and tv woodnt come on agin but it did.

Sinsereley,
H. Clutter

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Films & TV

HOW DO YOU discuss the film-rating system in a family magazine? After all, it involves material that is considered unsuitable for youngsters under the age of 17, unless accompanied by their parents. Since this is not only a family magazine but a church magazine as well, it is not easy to discuss certain delicate subjects without risk of offending some readers, especially since there is no guarantee that the under-17s will be accompanied by their parents when they read this.

But what is a family magazine for if not at least to glance at problems that trouble families—right? So, here goes a discussion of *Ryan's Daughter*, a film that really isn't much good, but it will be seen by a large number of persons, no matter what I say about it. So in the context of this column it should be attended to.

It all started in November, 1968, when the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA) established its ratings system. The idea was designed, quite frankly, because censorship forces were beginning to make noises about banning some of the franker material that was beginning to make its way onto screens that only a few years ago banned pictures of navels and almost stopped Rhett Butler [Clark Gable] from telling Scarlett O'Hara that he didn't give a you-know-what.

The MPAA set up this system whereby every film they could get their hands on would bear a tag of G (general audiences); GP (general, but parental discretion advised); R (restricted to over 17 except with parents); or X (restricted to over 17, period).

Some of us in the church film-reviewing business supported this system because it seemed a reasonable product guide, an alternative to having every village in the country giving the local librarian or police chief the right to censor movies. The system has worked reasonably well despite the fact that the film business is out to make a buck just like other commercial enterprises.

Now comes *Ryan's Daughter*. David Lean made it. He's worked on it for five years, ever since he finished *Dr. Zhivago*, which was a tremendous financial success. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer put up the money, or at least they were in the process of putting up the money when Mr. Jim Aubrey became president of MGM a year or so back. Mr. Aubrey looked at David Lean's project and considered dropping it. He did drop several other films-in-process because he didn't think they would make money. *Ryan's Daughter* figured to cost around \$14 million and a lot of tickets have to be sold to make a profit on that investment. But he left it alone.

When the film was finished the MPAA gave it an R rating. Why? Because Mr. Lean had given us another story of infidelity, only this time he decided to show the infidelity in close-up facial shots, plus a few quick glimpses of other parts of the anatomy. Mr. Aubrey promptly said he wouldn't abide by the R rating. He said he figured he had at least a GP picture, and he released his film without advertising any rating, defying a system which cannot live without complete support from the entire film industry. Having made his

point, Mr. Aubrey then appealed to an industry appeals board which decided that he did, indeed, have a GP picture. Now he advertises his film as a GP.

By any standards MPAA has been using, it isn't. *Ryan's Daughter* is an R film because it chooses to dwell on a theme of unrequited passion, finally providing its requiting with considerable symbolism—a mare eyeing a stallion, trees throbbing, lily pollen—and intimate close-ups of the lady in question. This is not a picture for children unless you think eroticism is for the young. I don't happen to think it is. The MPAA system by its own description is not a value judgment but a guide, and to give this picture a GP is to misguide parents into thinking it is *Zhivago* revisited.

O.K., I know you 14-year-olds have interest in romance. But what I am talking about is a rating system established as a guide for you and your parents. I don't want to keep you from seeing *Ryan's Daughter*. I just want your parents to make the decision with you. Otherwise, what is a parental guide system for, right?

—James M. Wall

TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

Feb. 20, 12:30-1 p.m., EST on NBC—*Pogo Birthday Special*.

Feb. 21, 4:30-5:30 p.m., EST on CBS—Children's Film Festival; *Ransom of Red Chief*. Russian-produced version of the O. Henry classic.

Feb. 21, 8:30-9 p.m., EST on PBS¹—*The World We Live In: Should Oceans Meet?* March 7—*The World We Live In: Animal Communication*.

Feb. 21, 9-10 p.m., EST on PBS—Mystery Theater: *The First Churchills*.

Feb. 22, 7-8 p.m., EST on PBS—*The Turned-On Crisis: Drugs*. Feb. 22, 10-10:30 p.m., EST on PBS—Book Beat: *Crime in America* by Ramsey Clark.

Feb. 24, 7:30-8 p.m., EST on PBS—*High Is Not Very Far Off the Ground*. Program on drugs.

Feb. 24, 8:30-10 p.m., EST on PBS—*The Great American Dream Machine*. Also March 3, 10, and 17.

Feb. 24, 9-10 p.m., EST on NBC—*The First Nine Months Are the Hardest*. Dick von Dyke Special; dromo about on obstetrician.

Feb. 25, 8:30-10 p.m., EST on PBS—NET Playhouse: *Paradise Lost*. Part I of Clifford Odets's *Ploy*. March 4—Port II.

Feb. 27, 11 a.m.-12 m., EST on NBC—Children's Theater Special: *Circus Town*.

Feb. 28, 10-11 p.m., EST on PBS—Fonfore Opero: *Queen of Spades*.

March 1, 9-10 p.m., EST on

PBS—Reolities: *The World of Henry Miller*.

March 2, 9-10 p.m., EST on PBS—Hollywood TV Theater: *Manservant*.

March 2, 9-11 p.m., EST on NBC—*First Tuesday*.

March 2, 10-11 p.m., EST on CBS—*60 Minutes*.

March 7, 4:30-6 p.m., EST on CBS—Children's Theater: *John and Julie*. Children run away to see the queen's coronation.

March 8, 9-10 p.m., EST on PBS—Reolities: *David Lean, a Self-Portrait*.

March 8, 10-10:30 p.m., EST on PBS—Book Beat: *My Life and Times* by Turner Cotledge.

March 9, 7-8 p.m., EST on PBS—Rerun of ABC show *Mission Possible: They Care For a City*. March 10—*Mission Possible: They Care For the Land*. March 11—*Mission Possible: They Care For a Nation*.

March 11, 8:30-10 p.m., EST on PBS—NET Playhouse, Part I. *Much Ado About Nothing*. March 18—Port II.

March 14, 10-11 p.m., EST on PBS—Fonfore: *Melina Mercouri, I Was Born a Greek*.

March 16, 8:30-10 p.m., EST on ABC—*The Grammy Awards*.

March 16, 10-11 p.m., EST on ABC—*Diana*. A Dion Ross Special with Donny Thomas, Bill Cosby

¹ PBS is new and designates Public Broadcast Service. It includes what was formerly listed as NET—D O P.

UNUSUAL

Methodists

AS PRESIDENT of the General Federation of Women's Clubs (GFWC), Mrs. Louise Brown has chosen "A Better Environment" as the theme for her administration. In recognition of the federation's interest in conservation, Secretary of Agriculture and Mrs. Clifford M. Hardin (below, left) presented Smokey the Bear himself to Mrs. Brown during a Department of Agriculture meeting.

The gracious native of Pittsburgh, Pa., was elected GFWC president at the international organization's 1970 convention and will serve until June, 1972. During her term of office Mrs. Brown's home away from home is the president's apartment at the GFWC headquarters in

Washington, D.C. From there she directs the program of 11 million clubwomen. The federation's purpose is to unite women's clubs in efforts to improve communities around the world. It carries out its work through six departments: conservation, education, fine arts, home life, international affairs, and public affairs.

Mrs. Brown supervises the far-reaching GFWC program, assisted by an executive secretary and a staff of 30. No two days are alike for the busy executive, whose duties include attending governmental and organizational meetings, making numerous speeches, planning conventions and conferences, and entertaining prominent visitors from all over the world. Frequently the president represents the federation at hearings on Capitol Hill. Mrs. Brown now is serving as honorary cochairman of National Bible Week, sponsored by the Laymen's National Committee.

Her own club career began when Mrs. Brown joined the Junior section of the Women's Club of Wilkinsburg, Pa. She rose to become president of the Pennsylvania Federation of Women's Clubs and served in a number of offices of the international organization before becoming its president. In 1969 she was named a "Distinguished Daughter of Pennsylvania" by Governor Raymond P. Shafer, and in 1970 received an honorary doctor of laws degree from Chatham College. She and her daughter, Mrs. William L. Plumb, are both listed in *Who's Who of American Women*.

Mrs. Brown and her husband, Earle A., an electrical engineer, are life-long members of South Avenue United Methodist Church in Wilkinsburg, Pa., parents of two children, and grandparents of four. Naming homemaking as her vocation and avocation, Mrs. Brown says, "One of my most coveted honors was being named Pennsylvania Mother of the Year in 1962." □

Mrs. Earle A. Brown... *With Smokey's seal of approval.*



AT GREENLEE School in Denver, Colo., Betty Sepulveda is utilizing a unique method for teaching disadvantaged youngsters. Her "error free" instruction delights her first-graders, mainly Hispanic-Americans, while reconciling their "poverty dialect" with standard, classroom English.

"The academic gap between the disadvantaged and the middle-class child is smallest when both enter school," she explains, "but from there it widens disproportionately. While the middle-class child comes to school to learn to read, the disadvantaged must learn a new form of English before he can function and learn in school."

A pilot program of the Denver schools, Mrs. Sepulveda's method encourages participation and oral communication and minimizes failure. By matching letters to name cards taped to their desks, for example, youngsters learn to spell their names correctly and easily. Building confidence in themselves, they become eager to repeat poems and sing ballads which develop a listening and speaking familiarity with formal English. "It is vital the child is not taught that his language is wrong, but is made aware of the many possible ways to use a language," she stresses. "This view helps keep the child from feeling as an outcast either at home or at school."

Mrs. Sepulveda had developed and applied her method before joining Greenlee School's teaching staff in 1958. Her early teaching experience was as a laboratory school instructor for Methodist church-school teachers in Texas. Both she and her husband, Thomas, a United Methodist minister who is chaplain at Denver General Hospital, have been honored by Denver's Hispanic community. □



Mrs. Thomas Sepulveda . . . *Many ways to learn.*

WARD H. (Peevy) Lundquist enjoys explaining how he got into his present work: "As a pharmacist, I've always known how many one-man drugstores there are, where the owner couldn't take a vacation because there was no one to replace him." Three years ago the Rockford, Wash., native decided to do something to relieve the no-vacation plight of his fellow pharmacists in small towns along the Washington-Idaho border. "There's no sense in all of us being miserable," he decided.

After selling the Rockford drugstore he had owned for 20 years, he advertised, "Have pestle, will travel," and sat back to wait. A month later his first call came from Moscow, Idaho, and his career as a substitute druggist began. More than a dozen fellow pharmacists have used his services in order to take time away from their work.

During his travels Mr. Lundquist often stays in the home of his vacationing counterpart. "Sometimes he even becomes the local veterinarian," Mrs. Lundquist laughs. "People call him at all hours of the night with problems like a sick cat or an ailing cow."

At home in Rockford, Mrs. Lundquist handles requests for her husband's services. In one town the customers expressed their appreciation by urging the Lundquists to buy the local drugstore. While the secret to Mr. Lundquist's success is his mobility, he and his family are 21-year residents of Rockford, where they are active members of the United Methodist Church. "I've never worked harder since giving this idea of mine a try," Mr. Lundquist admits, "but at the same time I've never had as much fun." Nor has he had a vacation of his own in two years. □

Ward H. Lundquist . . . *A pestle-packing pharmacist.*



Teens

By DALE WHITE

HOW MUCH freedom should kids have, and what kind? We discussed this problem last month, but there's more to be said.

Our UMYF group went to see the film *Easy Rider* some months ago. Before going, they discussed the meaning of Christian freedom. Then they viewed the film and asked, "Who was free in the film?"

Some said, "The motorcyclists were free. They went where they wanted and did what they pleased. But our uptight society couldn't stand for them to be free. They had to be killed."

Others thought, "No, the motorcyclists were not free. They wanted freedom, but at the end they had to say, 'We blew it!'"

In an article, Peter Fonda reported that he was really saying in the film that radical freedom is a day-dream. The ability to go where you want and do as you please, which many young people see as freedom, is really an escapist fantasy.

Freedom and responsibility are two sides of the same record. We become free spirits as we accept Christ's command to love God with our whole being and our neighbor as ourselves. We are freed from boredom, guilt, loneliness, restlessness as we become able to enjoy being close to people and caring about whether they have a good life.

We find meaning in living as we come to feel close to God and know that even with all the pain and suffering it is good to be alive in his world.

How can kids grow into the ability to care? The late Dr. A. H. Maslow of Brandeis University found that persons of real strength of character based on a loving concern for others grew up in homes where "love, affection, protection, respect, trust" ruled, and where "hostility, humiliation, fear, contempt, domination" are relatively absent.

Responsible freedom grows where adults and youths care enough to be honest with one another. Adults need to be honest about their rules. They need to level with young people on the real reasons for restrictions. Kids need to be honest with adults, too, about



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz.
© 1964 by Warner Press, Inc.

"We all make mistakes!"

where they are going and what they are doing. They need to let adults know they will ask for help when they need it and really level with them on things that count.

Responsible freedom grows where adults and youths care enough to listen to one another. Kids often complain that adults will not really hear their side on anything:

"My parents and I don't get along well. We are very different individuals, with different interests and ideas on certain things. I often want to do something one way and my parents say, 'You do it this way!' I'm willing to compromise, but they are not. It is always their way—all the way. Why can't they see I am my own individual just as they are? I deserve to be listened to, instead of all my ideas being instantly branded as 'Insane and out of the question!'"

Styles of hair and dress are one

source of conflict. Adults often assume that new styles mean one thing, while to the kids they mean something entirely different. One girl said: "My parents are hopeless! out of touch with teen styles. My mother makes me dress her way. So I carry extra things to school in my handbag and change in the lavatory so I don't feel like a fool in front of my friends."

A boy responded: "Yeah, my dad thinks he knows everything. To him anybody with long hair is into drug or about to start a revolution. That's ridiculous, but try to tell him that. He makes me feel like starting my own revolution."

Parental rules based on what styles used to mean in some other time or may mean in some other place can miss the mark. But this doesn't imply that adults should apologize for their tastes or hide their concerns. We need lots of sin-



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cere conversation with both youths and adults really listening. Adults will still have to lay down the law at times, but kids will have to know they have truly been heard.



I am a 17-year-old boy. In our Sunday school class is a 12-year-old boy for whom I have a lot of respect. I have grown fond of him and we have won each other's friendship. We get along very well and have a lot in common. I admire him because he is very mature for his age.

I had him over one afternoon after Sunday school and we enjoyed each other's company very much. Often I feel very lonesome and that afternoon I felt happy once again. He asked me over to spend one afternoon. I do not want to give anyone the wrong idea. We are just two true friends. I sincerely believe everyone needs a friend. Now I believe that I have found a person who is the kind I have been looking for. We have so much in common.

Do you see anything wrong with our close friendship?—D.B.

I see nothing in your letter to make me worry about your friendship. It seems very similar to the way two brothers often become very fond of each other. You do seem to be a little bit afraid of your warm feelings toward him. Maybe your fear comes because now that you have dared to care about somebody, all your pent-up loneliness is rushing to the surface and making you care more than you meant to do. Or maybe your community is so anxious about homosexuality that they see any fondness between two fellows as "queer."

You can help by keeping your meetings fairly open, so that your parents and his don't have to worry about "what is going on with those two." Also, avoid putting all your emotional eggs in one basket—seek friends of both sexes, and stay active in groups at church and school.



I am a girl, 14, and I haven't started dating yet. I've been asked but I want to wait. I like this boy who is 16 and we have been together at youth parties, etc. I have let him put his arm around me and

once I let him kiss me. I liked it, but I got to thinking that I was going a little too fast and that I should "play it cool" for a time and not start liking just one boy. I told my boyfriend this. No matter how I emphasized that I still liked him but just wanted to be a friend, I think I hurt his feelings. But I still feel that what I did was right. My mother and I both feel this way, but I would appreciate your advice on the matter, too.—S.L.

I agree with you and your mother. How wonderful that you two are close enough to talk it all out! I believe girls (and fellows, too) should have the right to go as slow as they wish, without being stampered by social pressures into relationships they are not ready to handle. In lots of places now the kids are getting together in informal groups without any pressure to pair off in formal dates. This gives everybody a wider choice than simply dating or staying home.



My problem is rare. You see, it's not a real problem, just a social problem. I probably sound like a racist, but do you know a person of the black race who would be willing to write to a girl? You see, I'm 16 years old. I live in a small town of fairly well-to-do people. We have only three people of black origin in our town. My mother never gave me one of those speeches about black people, and I didn't even know there was a difference until I was nine. I found out when I saw people fighting on TV and I asked my mother why.

Dr. White, I'm not against any race. I wasn't raised that way. When I hear people putting down the blacks, I take up for them. But I've never even spoken to a black person of my age. I thought rather than write to other countries to understand people of another nation, I would try to understand a fellow American.

Do your stuff, Dr. White, and find me a pen pal. If you put this in *Together* don't print my address 'cause some white kid is likely to write, and I understand them already.—T.B.

I'm not much good at getting individual pen pals together. From time to time we print a list of agencies which can help you find pen

pals overseas. I know of no agency working on interracial letter-writing. If any reader knows of such a group, I hope he will tell us.

The best thing is face-to-face conversation about mutual interests. You could arrange this through your church youth group. Why not plan a get-together with a youth group in a black church in some nearby city? One of our youth groups spent a weekend in the homes of some Puerto Rican young people in Harlem, and had a work project in their church. The Puerto Rican youth returned the visit and had a work project in our church. I've never seen kids learn so much about each other so fast.



I'm a 17-year-old girl in need of some advice. I've liked this guy for over a year. During that time I've really been hurt. He has lied to me, gone out on me, and just doesn't seem to care if he hurts anyone. He is also very wild. I've tried to change his behavior, but for a 19-year-old he is certainly set in his ways!

I have a very understanding mother whom I have talked to many times about this situation. The problem is that I really do love him! But after he has hurt me so, I can't figure out why I still do. What should I do? Should I keep trying or just give up?—C.H.

I'd say turn it loose. You have apparently done everything in your power to make it work. He seems to have neither the maturity nor the sensitivity to build a relationship of real trust. You can't force him to grow up, but you can insist on being treated as a human being worthy of respect. To accept anything less is to do violence to your own integrity. It isn't good for him to let him get away with that kind of attitude and behavior, either.



I think the time has come for us kids to level with the adults. Many adults generalize when they speak about young people. We are not all hippies and radicals, running around and causing trouble.

Many of us want to change the world, but we also realize that we have to allow Christ to work through us in order to change it.

The number of kids joining the "revolution of love" is growing.

We must not keep religion up on cloud nine. We must bring it to the ghetto, to drug users, and poverty-stricken people everywhere, and not stop there. Everyone needs Christ. No one can live without him. More young people realize this than adults, and we are doing something about it.

I and a large percentage of my friends belong to Campus Crusade for Christ. With Christ working through us, the Word is being spread. I hope adults will all start realizing that many young people are working for a better world, using love, not violence.—D.K.

Thanks! I'll pass the word along. it is wonderful good news!



I am 19 and my girl friend will be 19 soon. She is my problem. We have been going together for one year. She wants to get married eventually. I am now a sophomore at the university. The problem is that I don't want to marry her. All I want to do is to get rid of her. But I guess I am too soft and don't want to hurt her.

I told her I wouldn't marry her, but she cried and had to take tranquilizers. So my question is, What would be the best way to tell her good-bye? She wouldn't go out with other boys, and I feel guilty going out with other girls.—G.K.

If all you want to do is end this relationship, then I'd say get at it. You don't have to be cruel about it, either. You can be gentle with her feelings and supportive of her as a person. But it is important to be firm and direct. Clean surgery hurts a lot less than continuing to inflict messy wounds on each other in a relationship gone sour.

•
Tell Dr. Dole White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through Teens. Write to him in care of TOGETHER, P.O. Box 423, Pork Ridge, Ill. 60068.
—Your Editors

... from the Mountain of Olives, high above Jerusalem, to the Church of Nativity in Bethlehem, through the winding streets of Nazareth that Jesus knew as a boy, your faith is strengthened knowing HE walked these pathways. The pages of the NEW TESTAMENT come alive as you pray by Jacob's Well and sing hymns with fellow travelers at the sea of Galilee.

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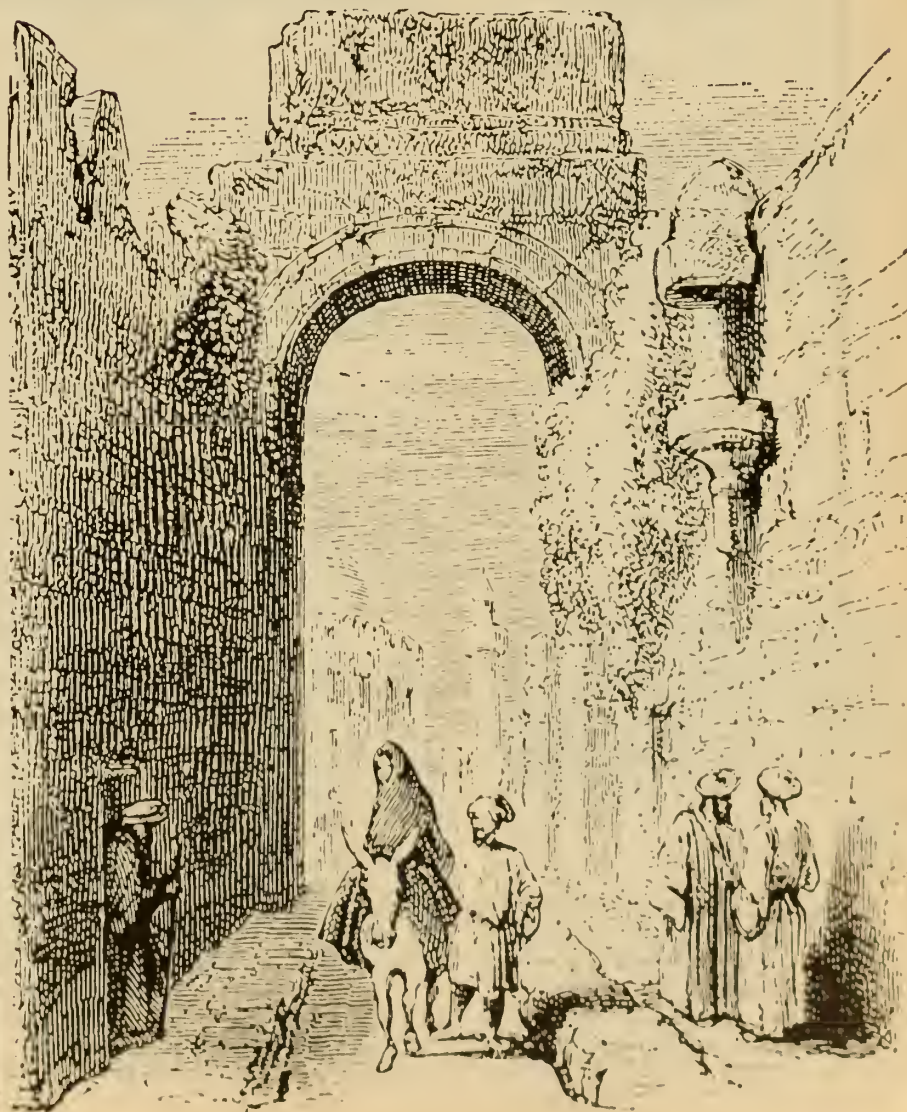


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A WALK WITH GOD... IN THE LAND OF THE BIBLE



BOOKS



Children in a small coastal village stare at Marc Riboud, whose pictures appear in *Face of North Vietnam*. They rarely see a Western face.

"IT WILL END sometime, of course, as all wars do, and by then most of the Americans will have gone home, leaving behind what we started with—a handful of advisers assisting in an enterprise that very few of them will understand."

Thus ends *The Road From War: Vietnam 1965-1970* (Harper & Row, \$7.95), a series of reports from Saigon and Paris that have been somewhat condensed from the form in which war correspondent Robert Shaplen wrote them for *The New Yorker* between March 20, 1965, and January 31, 1970.

Shaplen is an experienced Asia hand and has covered the war for *The New Yorker* since 1962. He gives us sober, capable, historically aware reporting of the military conflict, the political chaos in Saigon, the sterile confrontation in Paris, and the struggle for men's hearts and minds in the Vietnamese hamlets.

He disapproves of the extent of the military commitment that the United States has made in Southeast Asia, but he believes that Viet Nam did concern us politically and still does.

In condensing his reports, Shaplen did not indulge in hindsight. Thus, even in book form they represent his evolving appraisal of a complex and agonizing situation.

Novelist Charles Bracelen Flood had the unique experience of being in Viet Nam for a year as an attached member of the 309th Tactical Fighter Squadron.

He lived at the squadron's base many miles northeast of Saigon, flew with its pilots on bombing and spotter missions, shared their soup-and-sandwich

meals, felt their grief when squadron members were lost. For three months of the year he was deep in the jungle at the Cambodian border with a battalion of the Eighth Infantry. And he endured both combat and disillusionment with U.S. civilian and military advisers working with the Vietnamese near the air base.

He has set it all down, what he saw, heard, smelled, and felt during that year, in *The War of the Innocents* (McGraw-Hill, \$7.95), and it is hard to imagine a more graphic book on war.

In Viet Nam, Flood says, war is one muddy hilltop and then another, one F-100 mission, and another, and another, all from the same base. It is formless and frustrating, a war in which men talk about hunting other men with a strange innocence, as they would describe their roles in a sporting event.

Completely convinced of the justice of their cause, totally involved with them, Flood writes with the same kind of innocence. *The War of the Innocents* is likely to stand for a very long time as a classic on men and war.

A soldier in combat does not dare think of the face of the enemy as completely human. To see it so would be to seek his own death. But civilians need not share this ghastly delusion. Indeed, we must not if the human race is to drag itself out of the slime of war toward a more rational solution to its problems. And we do know that the enemy is human, much as we might like to forget it when we hear the body counts on the news broadcasts.

We have had very little chance, though, to know the North Vietnamese. Americans had virtually no contact with them before we became involved in

the war in Southeast Asia, and now we have to rely on the reports of writers and photographers who are not United States citizens to tell us what they are like.

Face of North Vietnam (Holt Rinehart Winston, \$14.95) is such a report. Pictures taken by French photo-journalist Marc Riboud reveal it as a beautiful little country with schools, religious institutions, factories, shops, hospitals, theaters, and playing fields. Among its people are peasants on farms, city workers, old people, young lovers, and, of course, soldiers.

The pictures are accompanied by a textbookish-sounding description of the country and its people by Philippe Devillers, also French, who is an authority on Southeast Asia.

An enlightening book for those with the courage to look.

Very few contemporary Christians are really systematic about their religious reading, but Advent and Lent are two seasons when more of us do adopt the discipline of daily reading, prayer, and thought. A help during both seasons—and in between—is **The Shape of the Gospel: Interpreting the Bible Through the Christian Year** (Abingdon, \$9.50). Actually, Merrill R. Abbey prepared this collection of brief commentaries to help ministers prepare their sermons, but serious laymen can use it, too, especially with a Bible commentary.

"Yesterday I received word that my husband, Burleigh Law, had been killed by rebel soldiers in Congo. Feeling the need to become involved in something creative, I would like to enroll in Scarritt College this fall . . ."

Virginia Law began the letter at five o'clock in the morning, still stunned by the telephone call from the former Methodist Board of Missions. In spite of the fighting in Congo in 1964, Burleigh Law had remained in the country where he and Virginia had spent 14 years as missionaries, and he had been shot by a rebel soldier when he tried to land the mission plane to help some stranded missionaries.

Since that morning, Virginia has earned a master's degree in Christian education, has spoken to many groups, retreats, and lay-witness meetings, and has become director of the family worship department of *The Upper Room*. And she has continued with the rearing of two sons, now

married, and a daughter now in high school.

As Far As I Can Step (Word, \$3.95) is her story of how she learned to cope with details she had always left to her husband, how to handle and accept her grief, how to accept herself, and how to stay open and active even though she wanted to bury herself in sorrow.

Contrasting approaches to the subject of prayer, both by women writers, bear witness that some people like to hear old truths in new ways, and others respond best to new thoughts if they are expressed in traditional ways.

Flora Slosson Wuellner takes the contemporary approach in **To Pray and to Grow** (Abingdon, \$4.25). Marguerite Harmon Bro draws on viewpoints from thinkers through the ages for more traditional daily devotions in **Today Makes a Difference!** (Nelson, \$2.95). Both books are valuable, but they are as different as a Persian carpet and a Rhya rug.

Charles L. Allen is pastor of one of the country's largest Protestant churches—the First United Methodist Church in Houston, Texas—and is widely known as a newspaper columnist, public speaker, and writer of inspirational books.

His long-time friend Charles L. Wallis has selected numerous short passages from his books and arranged them under topics reflecting various aspects of Christian living. **The Charles L. Allen Treasury** (Revell, \$4.95) could be used effectively in Lenten reading.

Today's college students say that if adults think they are hard to understand, just wait until the generation now in high school comes along! This is frighteningly true if the 32 young people who were interviewed for **The Music of Their Laughter** (Harper & Row, \$7.95) are an indication. There is no music and no laughter in this profoundly disturbing book.

Some in high school and some in college, all from middle-class families, the young people talked openly to interviewers Roderick Thorp and Robert Bake about their families, politics, sex, drugs, and the emptiness of their lives.

They reject the sexual mores of their parents' generation. They find cigarettes and alcohol self-destructive, yet all of them have tried drugs. One of them died of an overdose after the book was completed.

There is no comfort in the running commentary by the interviewers. It concludes: "The future—their future

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—is frightening. For all we know, they live on your street, or in your home. David, the high-school activist, said that he was being driven further and further into revolutionary tendencies. If he becomes a revolutionary, he will have joined an army larger and more angry than it knows."

In *Prayer and Modern Man* (Seabury, \$4.95) a renowned French lay theologian considers modern man's problem with prayer, observes that we can supply no demonstration of the necessity for prayer, or even of its usefulness, and yet sets forth a reason to pray.

The reason, writes Jacques Ellul, "outside myself, objective, which I find compelling, which pushes me along in other words, like a hand in my back forcing me ahead, constraining me to pray . . . is the commandment which God in his mercy has granted to make up for the void in my heart and in my life. 'Watch and pray'; that is the sole reason for praying which remains for modern man."

Prayer obedient to the commandment and based on nothing else, "continued by persons who transmit the command of the Lord from generation to generation, is then like a thread stretched between the past and future, binding the ages together in a contemporary unity, and the concert of people in the unity of the Church," he writes.

Many modern Christians, happily, find other reasons to pray, but what a comfort Ellul's thought is for the times when we find ourselves going through the form without the feeling.

Several people on TOGETHER's editorial staff are spending a large amount of their free time teaching people to read. Some teach students at a literacy center housed in an inner-city church on Chicago's North Side; others are getting a similar center started in the northwest suburbs, where a United Methodist church is providing space.

They use the Laubach method of teaching, tailored for volunteers, because 40 years of use have proved its worth and because it grew out of missionary effort. How it works, and how it has grown to worldwide dimensions is told in *Forty Years With the Silent Billion* (Revell, \$6.50), by the late Frank C. Laubach himself.

He developed it when he was a missionary to the Moros, on the island of Mindanao in the Philippines. Finding his ministry taking the shape of a literacy campaign, he worked out the first of the now world-famous picture-word literacy charts and put out a

story paper in the Moro language. In 1930 he originated the challenge, "Each one teach one," and in the 40 years since then more than 60 million people speaking 313 different languages and dialects have learned to read in their own tongue because volunteer teachers have used the Laubach method. There is a long way to go, still. Seven hundred million people in the world can't read or write. From 1.4 to 9.6 percent of the people over 10 in various parts of the United States are illiterate.

What is it like not to be able to read or write? Imagine that you couldn't read a road sign or a recipe, the warnings on a label or a letter from your son in the service. Imagine that you couldn't write your own name, or a telephone number, or a letter to your son.

Frank Laubach understood the agony, and he knew the danger from illiterate populations becoming rebellious and violent. He said that the title of his book might have been more accurate if it had been "Forty Years With the Desperate Billion."

They were children of the blitz. Bill, 15, had been sent from London to Wales for safety; Julie's parents had put her on a ship bound for Canada. Both now were back in a bomb-ravaged London, determined to avoid being reevacuated and separated. They helped out in the market stalls by day, found shelter at night in the basement of Julie's aunt's bombed-out house. They even gave shelter to a sick and homeless child. Then came a nightmare of destruction, and out of it separation after all.

Jill Paton Walsh tells their story in *Fireweed* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$3.95). Parents may be disturbed by the young people's rebellion, and by the innocent domesticity of their life in the ruined house, but the story is well told and altogether absorbing for young adults. I have the word of a young friend named Kathleen Skillicorn, who is 11½, that this is so.

Maurice Sendak's latest picture book for small fry is *In the Night Kitchen* (Harper & Row, \$4.95). It's a horrendous story, really, about a little boy who dreams that he falls into a kitchen where he is stirred into cake batter and put in the oven. He bursts out of the oven and into the bread dough, which he shapes into an airplane in which he flies over the Milky Way. This leads to a dive into a milk bottle, a climb out of it, a slide down its side, whereupon the child lands back in bed, carefree and dry. Enough to frighten any child, I thought. Then I paid a visit to my nephew, who is

3½. Tommy invited me up to his room to watch him shoot monsters. I guess Sendak knows more about children than I do. His style for this book is new for him, very camp, with the bakers all looking like Oliver Hardy.

Series Four of *Great Cartoons of the World* (Crown, \$5.95), edited like three previous collections by John Bailey, is up to the high standard set by the others.

A cartoonist, says Bailey, "has few illusions about the human race. In a sad and melancholy frame of mind he dips his pen into India ink to show us yet another of our follies. Fortunately for us he is filled with tolerance and a love for people, so his cartoon is extremely funny. But the cartoonist does not laugh. He leaves that to us."

It used to be that young people dreamed of becoming movie stars. Now it is music that is the glamour business, Nashville that is the Mecca instead of Hollywood.

Jesse Burt, associate editor of *Nashville Magazine*, and Bob Ferguson, senior record producer for RCA records, are realistic about what it takes to be a professional in popular songwriting and recording in *So You Want to Be in Music!* (Abingdon, \$1.95). It is a useful paperback.

The Challenge of World Poverty (Pantheon, \$8.95), by Swedish economist Gunnar Myrdal, hasn't attracted so much attention as his three-volume study of developing countries, *Asian Drama*, but this fourth book is actually a continuation of that landmark study. It summarizes the basic research and conclusions of *Asian Drama* and then goes on to offer Myrdal's own proposals—complex, unexpected, radical—for getting at solutions to the dilemma of the Third World.

He is hard on social scientists: "They have . . . proceeded . . . to carve out separate disciplines for themselves; they quote each other, develop their own rather unnecessarily eccentric terminology, and do not, on the whole, disturb us economists much." He is disturbed by this because he is convinced that there are no "economic problems," there are simply complex problems.

—Helen Johnson

Fiction



THE University of Southern California football players have taken the Trojans as their symbol and between halves of a game, you see a Trojan horse (actually a Tennessee Walker) ridden by a young man symbolizing the spirit of the university. I should tell you, I suppose, that USC was badly beaten in the game I saw recently, but it reminded me of ancient Troy and the novel I had just read. Ancient Greek history is very hazy in my mind, and I need help in sorting out the characters and remembering what they did. This novel has done that for me. The publisher sent me a copy of it. Well, I read it, and it is a fine book.

It is *WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY* by Richard Powell (Scribners, \$6.95.) I took it with me on a recent trip to Europe, and toward the end of the day I looked forward to taking up where I had left off the night before. It is a story that is well written by a top novelist, and the whole thing hangs together with a sense of reality and true adventure. Powell points out a number of times where such myths as that of Achilles' heel and the predictions of Cassandra began with some actual happening which turned into myth.

This is the story about Helios who was told by his mother that he is the son of Priam, king of Troy. Living as a stableboy and the adopted son of Polydexus, he finds courage from his foster father who warns him never to let anyone deny that Priam was his father. For once that happens, he is a useless kind of creature and his only safety is believing that he is a son of the king, and he must make others aware of it also.

After Paris brings Helen home and starts the Trojan War, Helios and the son of Achilles, who are supposed to be enemies, become fast friends. The story is about this relationship and of the shadow which the Trojan War casts over Aegeans and Trojans alike. One of the best parts of the book brings light and relationship to those heroes and heroines who became part of the Greek mythology and eventually our heritage. Helios through it all strengthens his claim to being Priam's son, and he is finally acknowledged by the old king. After years of war, Troy is defeated through its own carelessness. Helios escapes to become an old man and half regarded as a god.

One of the most interesting parts of the book is the short closing section entitled *Scraps From a Writer's Notebook*. Here Powell tells what actually happened to some of these people and which ones are fictional. For those seeking to be reminded of their college course in Greek history, I recommend this book for joy and for profit. Definitely it seems to me it is one of the better novels that has come my way in the last few years.

We are reminded again of what gifts the Greeks have

given us, and of how much their loves and hates have influenced our literature and thought. This is to say nothing of how much their myths have been used by modern psychiatrists to explain human behavior. This novel is something like what a sermon ought to be in that it says something worth hearing and it is exciting to hear it.

The next book I speak of is *MAX JAMISON* by Wilfrid Sheed (Farrar, Strauss & Giroux, \$6.50). Sheed is a first-rate writer, and I remember his *Square's Progress* with pleasure. Also, he had a few columns in *Sports Illustrated* on television presentations of athletic events which were excellent. If you are to read this book, you must be satisfied to admire the writing and the art of the writer because there are no characters in it to admire.

Max Jamison is a gifted critic who covers the Broadway theater for *Now* (a national news weekly) and also reviews films for a high-brow magazine called *Rearview*. Witty and ruthless, he tears men and their works apart, but he has no depth of character of his own. He goes through two marriages and is a rather bad influence on his children so that altogether his own judgment of himself ("an s.o.b. in an imperfect world,") is probably the most accurate.

I have met people like this around Hollywood, and you probably have met them in your own neighborhood. They are striving desperately to say something that will be quoted, and all the while you see them as rather pitiful strivers after a little notoriety. There is no real commitment to any great thing in their lives. The world has too many of these people—they are a part of the sickness of our time.

Neither Wilfrid Sheed nor anyone else can write much of a book about this kind of character. For novels are not just studies of style and technique. If they fail to say something about a person that makes us wonder and marvel at the potential of humanity, they waste their time. People who have turned out to be cheap, self-centered hypocrites do not inspire either admiration or hatred. They just give you a feeling of emptiness and disappointment.

I shall merely mention a little British paperback I picked up last summer called *BEST DETECTIVE STORIES* edited by Edmund Crispin (Faber & Faber, Ltd., 24 Russell Square, London, W.C.1, England 6 s. 6 p. [78¢]). Besides an excellent opening chapter in which Crispin talks about what detective stories are and what they are not, the choice brought me a number of stories by well-known writers that I had missed. There was, for example, *The Burnt Tout* by A. C. Bailey; *The Gentleman From Paris* by John Dixon Carr; *The Dolphin's Doll* by Ellery Queen; and *A Dog in the Daytime* by Rex Stout, to name a few. They are fairly short but long enough to give you the sense of a real mystery.

If you can find this little volume, pick it up and take it with you if you have to travel and enjoy perfect relaxation at the end of the day. Then, get up early enough to read your Bible in the morning and your journey will be a pleasant one.

—GERALD KENNEDY

Bishop, Los Angeles Area, The United Methodist Church

Games to Make and to Play

By CHAUNCEY MOBBERLY

Tadpole Tally

TO MAKE: Four dried beans and two pieces cut from the egg-holder part of a carton make this game. Print a number one (1) on one side of each bean. On the other side of each bean, print a zero (0). To make the tadpole, cut two egg holders from a carton. While cutting these, leave at least one half of the next egg holder to form the tadpole's tail. Glue the two egg-holder sections together and cut a hole for the mouth, large enough so the beans will roll out freely. Color the entire tadpole green and give him blue and white eyes and a red mouth.

TO PLAY: A player places all four beans inside the tadpole. After this is done, the player gives the tadpole a good shake and rolls out the beans. When all four beans come to a complete stop, player will add or tally up to see how many points (if any) have been made. Players take turns doing this. The first player to score 20 points is the winner.

Bird 'Wacky-Do'

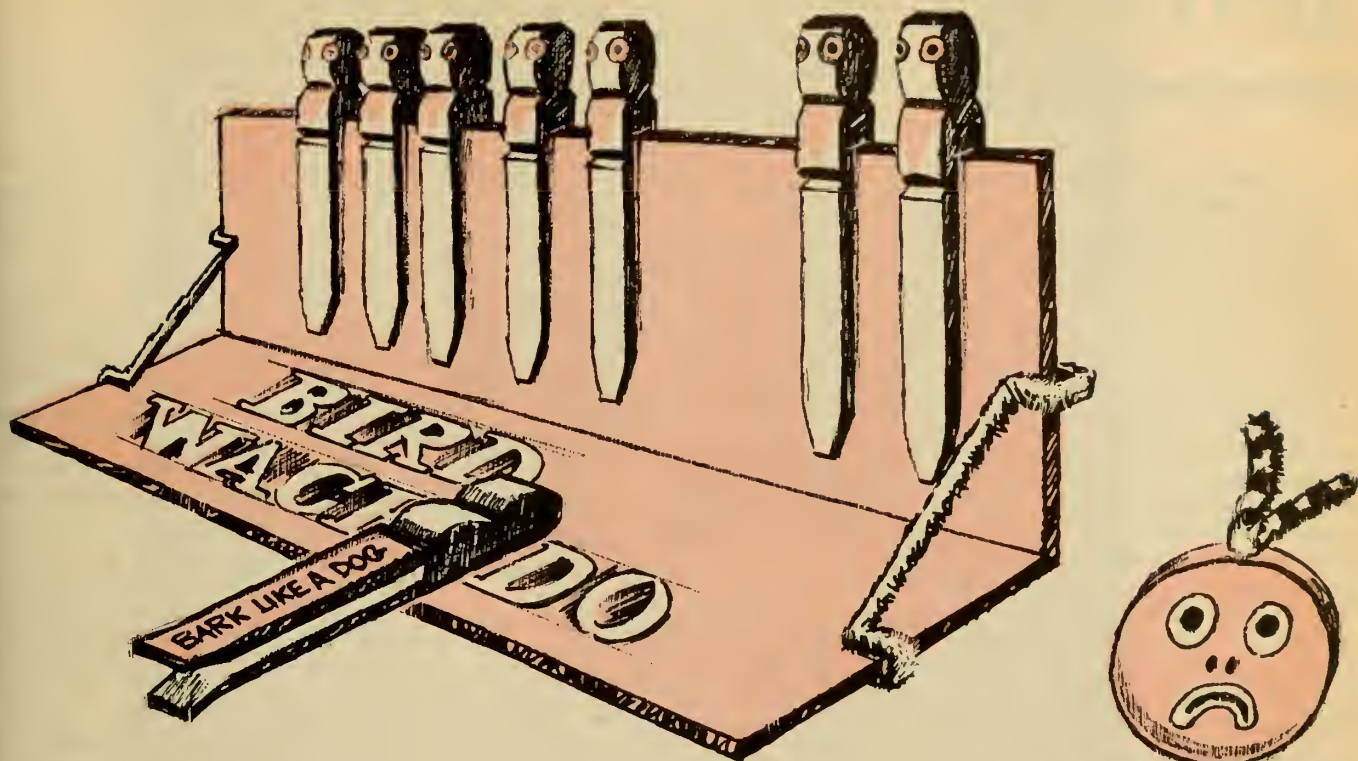
TO MAKE: The things needed for a Bird "Wacky-Do" game are eight clothespins and a piece of cardboard about five by eight inches in size. Bend the cardboard so it will stand up to serve as a fence for the birds to perch on. Print some wacky stunt to do on one "leg" of each clothespin. Such stunts as crow like a rooster; sing a silly song; do an Indian dance; hop like a rabbit; make a funny face; roar like a lion; meow like a cat; bark like a dog, and so forth. Decorate the clothespins so they will resemble birds. Make them all as nearly alike as you can.

TO PLAY: Place all eight clothespin-birds on the fence. Make sure the fronts of all birds face the players and the "Wacky-Do" message on each is hidden from view. A player picks a bird from the fence. Whatever is printed on the bird's back, the player has to do or act out. After a player acts out his "Wacky-Do," he places the bird back on the fence. Be careful other players do not see where it is placed. This game would be fun to play anytime friends get together, especially at a party.

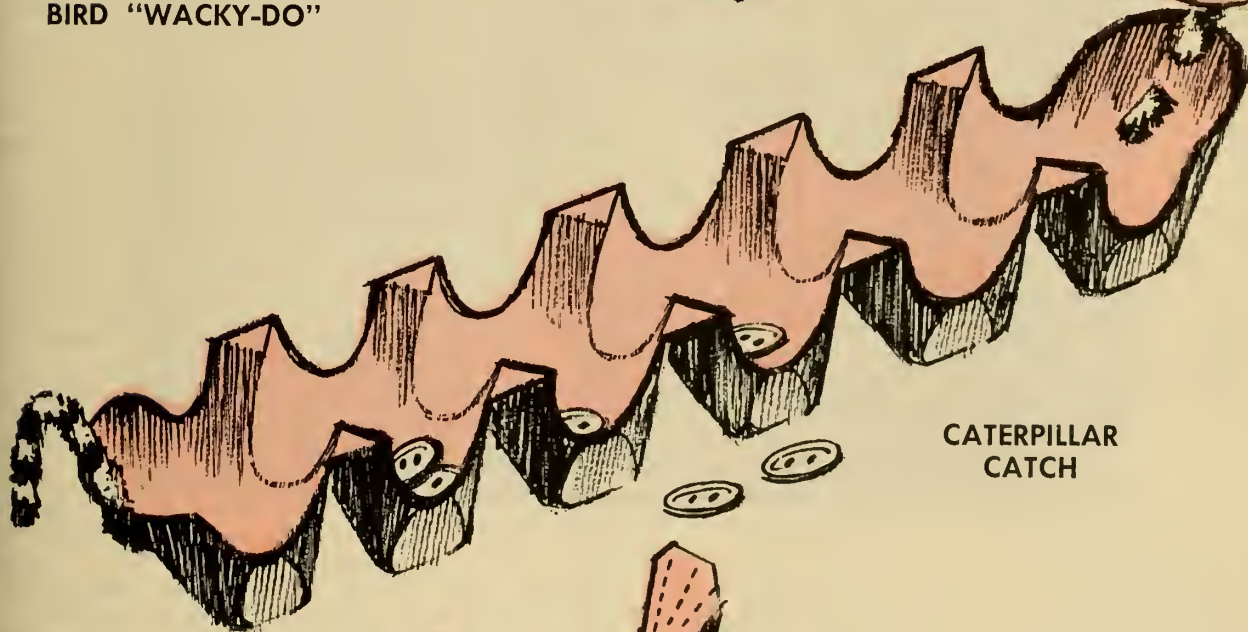
Caterpillar Catch

TO MAKE: The caterpillar for this game is made from one full row of egg holders cut from a carton. If one of the long-type egg cartons is used, your caterpillar will have six body sections. The caterpillar would have four body sections if you use one of the square-type egg cartons. With pipe cleaner, fasten a paper-cup bottom to one end of the egg-carton body to hold the head and face section. Use a pipe cleaner on top of the head and face for the antenna and on the other end of the body section for a tail. Color or paint the caterpillar orange and black. Use blue and white for the eyes and red and white for the mouth.

TO PLAY: Players stand three feet or more away from the caterpillar and take turns tossing the six buttons (one at a time), trying to land them in the sections of the caterpillar's body for points. This is tricky! The buttons often bounce right back out. Score one point for each button which lands and stays in any of the sections of the caterpillar's body. The first player to score 10 points is winner of the game.

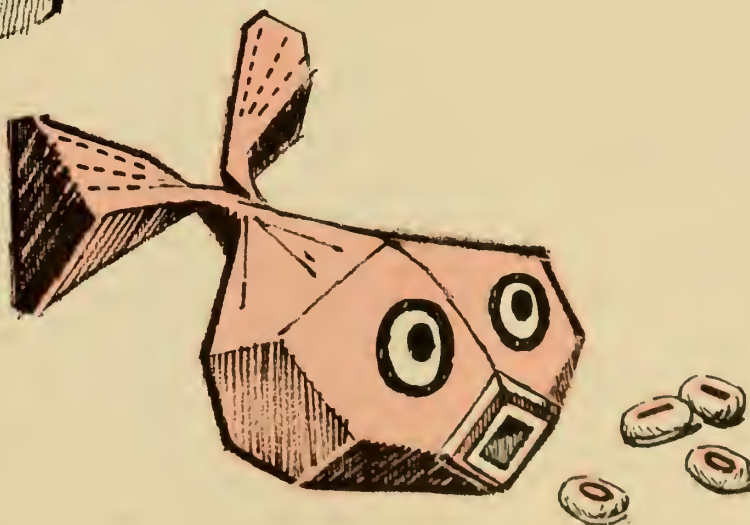


BIRD "WACKY-DO"



CATERPILLAR
CATCH

TADPOLE TALLY



Jottings

It is natural, we suppose, to start thinking about the wind if it is March and you live around Chicago, known far and wide as "the Windy City." However, as we write this, it isn't March; rather, it is midwinter, and a gloomy, snowy calm hangs over our office.

We became sidetracked on this line of thought as we looked over this month's inside cover featuring Robert Hale's poem, *Aeolus*. According to the ancient Greeks, Aeolus ruled—or tried to rule—the capricious winds that sweep the earth.

From that we moved on to wondering what the Bible might say on the subject of wind, and found it has a lot to say. There are some 160 references to the wind throughout Old and New Testaments. We discovered, also, that the biblical east wind hardly ever blew anybody good in those arid climes, although an east wind in most parts of the U.S. is a good omen for those who want rain. (In the Holy Land, "the north wind brings forth rain," according to Proverbs 25:23.)

So much for the wind, and now a word about the author of *Aeolus*.

Mr. Hale, who lives in Baltimore, Md., told us back in May, 1969, that he had sold 37 items—mostly poems—to 13 different publications. Since then, he writes, that number has increased to 153 in 30 publications!

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This, we think, is remarkable success in an exceedingly difficult field of literary endeavor. Sometimes, it would seem, any poet is in competition with several million others in the U.S. alone.

Mr. Hale has a bachelor of divinity degree from Garrett Theological Seminary, but he isn't in the ministry. He tells us he is a computer programmer with the Social Security Administration—and now we wonder how long it will be before we receive a computerized poem in the mail!



Mr. Hale



Mr. Poindexter

The two men who share our regular monthly *Films & TV* page—the Rev. James M. Wall and the Rev. David O. Poindexter—spend a great deal more time gathering material than their single page would indicate [see page 51]. And, of course, much of this time is after hours.

Mr. Poindexter, the TV critic, recently joined the United Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns as director of the Population Crisis Media Project. Since graduation from Boston University School of Theology in 1957, he has served as a pastor, author, film and television critic, doing extensive work with the major TV networks.

One thing Mr. Poindexter would like you to know is that he is not the David Poindexter who was in the company of Miss Angela Davis, the 26-year-old black communist philosopher, when she was arrested last year in a New York motel on charges of murder and kidnaping after gracing the FBI's "most wanted" list.

For quite a while, he says, "I have been telling audiences that there are two major differences at least between myself and the David Poindexter of Angela Davis fame—to wit: First, my middle initial is O and his is R; and, second, he is the heir to substantial wealth, and I am not."

Mr. Wall, our tireless film critic, is editor of *TOGETHER*'s sister magazine, *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE*, and he walks these halls with us when he isn't out taking in a couple of previews. To gather material for his film column, he sits through some 70 films a year—many of these in large chunks during film festivals in Chicago and New York. (During the 10-day New York festival, he sees 20 or more films.) He

contributes reviews, not only to *TOGETHER* and the *ADVOCATE* but to a United Methodist youth publication, *Face to Face*. His incisive review have attracted wide acclaim outside the denominational magazine field.

We asked him what film stands out in his memory among nearly 200 he has seen, say, over the past three years. He says one of these would have to be the Stanley Kubrick-Arthur Clark science-fiction epic *2001—A Space Odyssey*, which he has seen five times.

While a film reviewer will tell you his job often runs into hard work or boredom, we have enough boyhood days to insist that anyone who gets in free to a "picture show" is one of the luckiest guys alive, especially since the flickers have gone up from a dime to \$2.50!

The closer we get to retirement (sometimes we think it is too close sometimes not close enough), the more we think we would prefer to pattern our own "golden years" after retirees like Donald M. Magor, author of *Sagebrush Missionary* [page 38]. After leaving the boyhood scenes he describes in his nostalgic article Mr. Magor went on to become vice president and controller of an air conditioning and equipment manufacturing corporation in York, Pa. Since retiring to North Miami Beach, Fla. he has carried on such hobbies as astronomy, microscopy, and photography, interests he shares with others.

Mr. Magor sends us a photograph of himself standing beside his motor driven Newtonian astronomical telescope, an instrument capable of extending one's eyesight a billion light years into space, an incomprehensible distance to the finite mind. In addition this retired executive enjoys lecturing to young people on astronomy and presenting some of his 8,000 color travel slides (which he has grouped into 51 categories) before church groups and other organizations.

—Your Editor

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CHALLENGE

The seasons alter. Winter thaws
Ice bonds to free the bulbs of spring,
And summer's blossoming prepares
The way for autumn's harvesting.
The months move on, surrendering
Themselves to progress — snow to rain,
Flower to seedpod. Birds take wing
In south-bound flight, till, once again,
Cold yields to April's perfumed winds.
I, too, would yield to time's demand,
Welcoming change with open heart,
Living each day as God has planned.

— Marie Daerr

DO NEW MEMBERS FEEL WELCOME IN YOUR CHURCH

?



"Brethren I commend to your love and care these persons whom we this day receive into the membership of this congregation. Do all in your power to increase their faith, confirm their hope, and perfect them in love."

So reads the Discipline. It further states:

"When such persons offer themselves for membership, it shall be the duty of the pastor, or of proper persons appointed by him, to instruct them in the meaning of the Christian faith and the history, organization, and teachings of The United Methodist Church . . ."

As a means to these ends, many churches routinely give a free one-year subscription to United Methodism's family magazine, TOGETHER. TOGETHER instructs about the church yesterday, today, and tomorrow. TOGETHER inspires to "in-

crease faith, confirm hope, perfect love" and presentation makes reading a pleasure.

Furthermore, TOGETHER's visit to the church on a regular basis is like a pastoral call. By this the new member is made to feel welcome and needed.

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